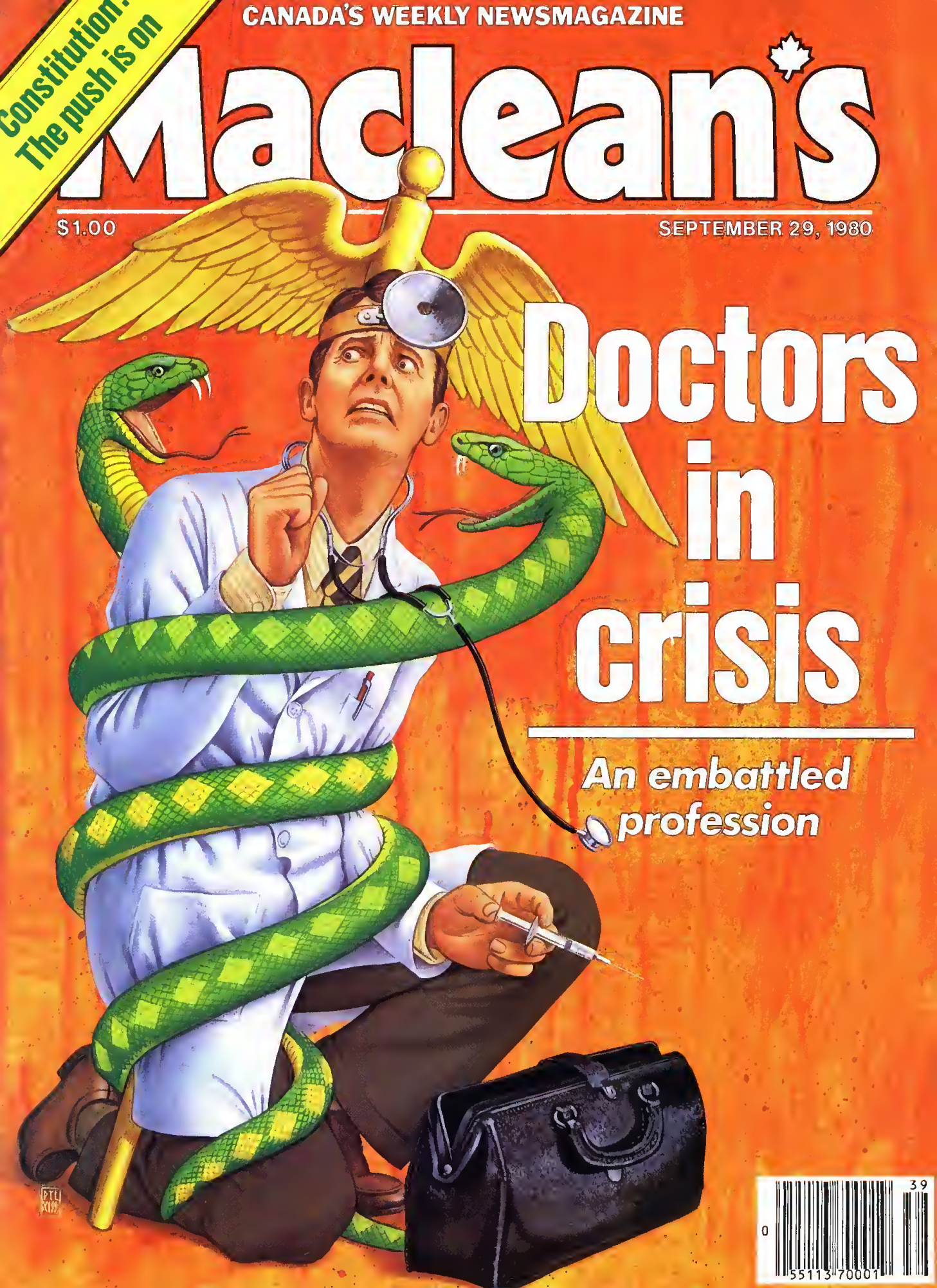
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Constitution: The push is on

Maclean's

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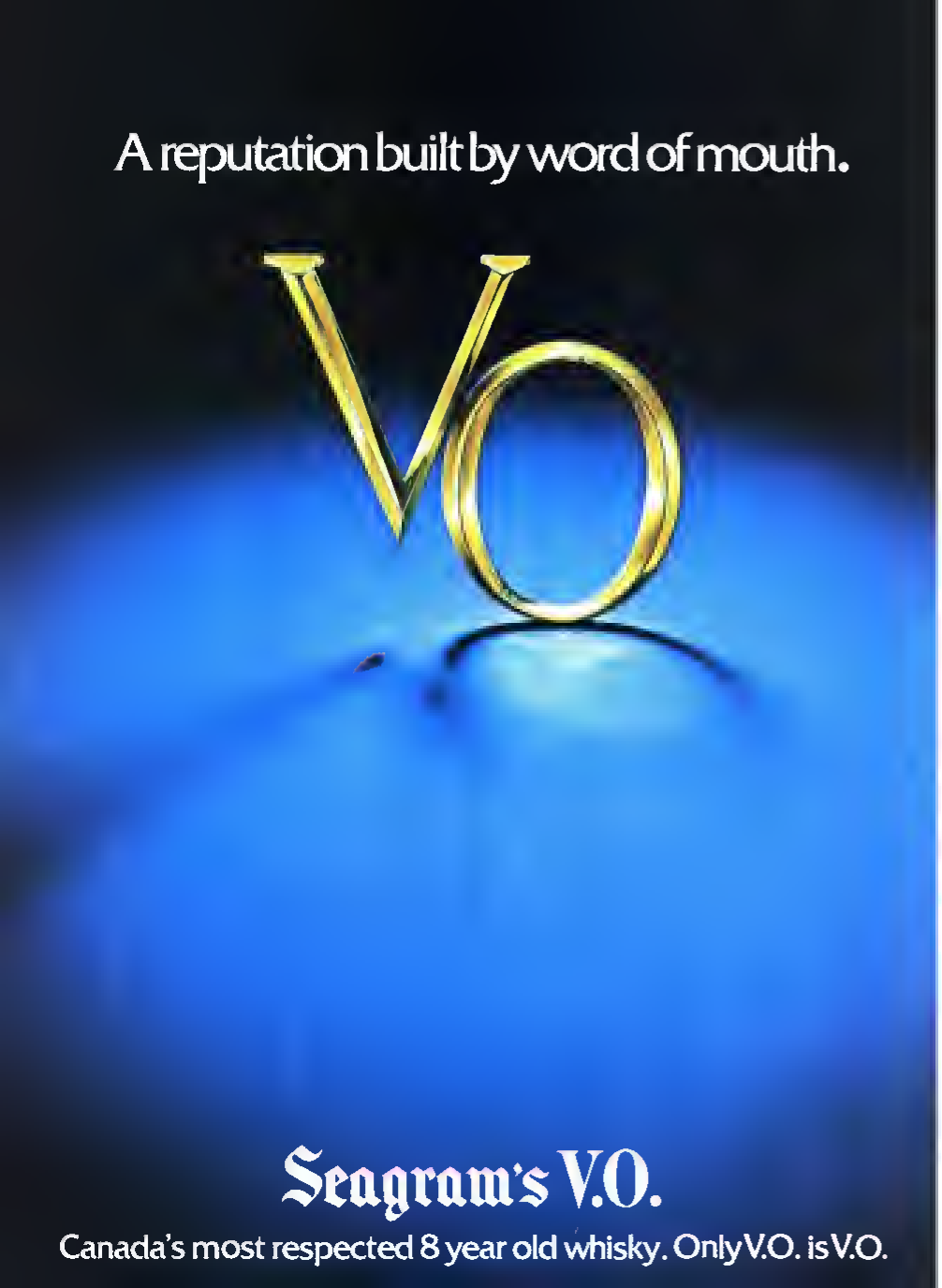


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The constitution push

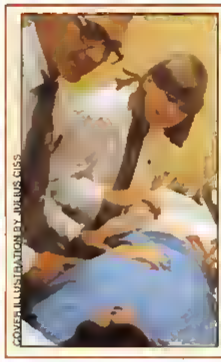
Prime Minister Trudeau's caucus gave him the green light to bring home the BNA Act on his own and opinion polls showed similar support. The remaining question: when? Page 21

Butter, bullets and books

As Ethiopians celebrated the sixth anniversary of their revolution last week, their rulers faced a major problem—how to hold the impoverished, war-torn nation together. Page 37



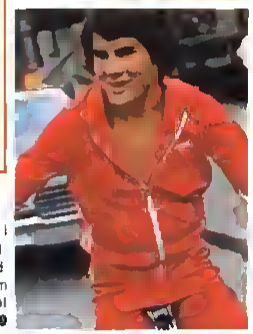




COVER STORY

Doctors in crisis

Once regarded as kindly, fatherly types bringing peace to the panic of the sickroom, doctors have become imprisoned by a much less flattering stereotype—money-grubbers with inflexible attitudes and low golf handicaps. As doctors complain about the latest threat to their livelihood, it is clear there is a profession in crisis. The prognosis may be positive, however: there are plenty of reformers in the ranks. Page 46



Look back in angora

The sweater girl look is in again. The growing fashion interest in knitwear that began a dozen years ago has peaked this season with sophisticated and funky designs. Page 54

One-wheel skier

"I was so wobbly at first that I had to use my ski poles," admits downhill skier Ken Read. To keep in world-class form, Read discovered the merits of riding a unicycle. Page 29

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Editorial

Maclean's at 75: still keeping shared dreams alive



By Peter C. Newman

This month *Maclean's* celebrates both its second anniversary as a weekly newsmagazine and its 75th birthday. From its precarious birth in the fall of 1905 as a business digest with 5,000 subscribers, to its current format with a circulation of 644,000, this magazine has attempted to document Canada's struggle for nationhood.

The special circumstances that encouraged the early success of Col. John Bayne Maclean's tiny but brash publication at the turn of the century were adoption of halftone engraving processes and perfection of the high-speed press. At about the same time, Canada's merchants awoke to the fact that the recently completed network of railroads had provided them with a cross-country market. Advertising in national magazines became the fastest way of turning their brands into household names.

Ever since, *Maclean's* editors have been dedicated to stalking the unknown heroes and closet villains who populate these northern latitudes. By exploring that handful of metaphors that cut across private and regional interests, they tried to create a family of subscribers and contributors united by common concerns and commitments. Reading *Maclean's* gradually became a way of looking at the world.

If there was ever a notion that united the dozen men who have occupied *Maclean's* top editorial perch, it has been the conviction that Canada was built on dreams as well as appetites. This country was put together not by bloodlines, kin or tradition, but by waves of newcomers of every stock who arrived here harboring big dreams about their futures. Keeping those shared dreams alive has required the legion of dedicated men and women who have fashioned the magazine's editorial content to weigh the import of each event, personality, trend or fad they chose to cover.

This means, often as not, that our pages have dwelt on the imperfectibility of man and the shortfalls of his grand designs. By having faith that any nation's leaders (and especially Canadian politicians who rule a country that is scarcely governable) can learn from their failures, *Maclean's* has built up a tradition of constructively criticizing whatever coalition of hopefuls happens to hold authority at any given time.

This 75th anniversary seems like a good moment to remind ourselves—and our readers—of this worthy tradition. At its best, *Maclean's* has been a mirror in which Canadians glimpsed each other and recognized themselves. This is an ambitious objective and, even if we never completely succeed, at least we hope to be around making the attempt for another 75 years.

Maclean's SEPT. 29, 1980

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Rogues' gallery in the limelight

By Peter Lewis



Maciej Szczepanski is running scared. Only days ago he was the princely head of Polish state radio and television, today he sits as a mere member of parliament, tomorrow he could very well find himself facing a firing squad or a life behind bars. Szczepański's name has become a byword in Poland for corruption in high places. His rise, like his scandalous reign and sudden undoing, provides the stuff from which the best morality tales in a Communist society are made.

Now in his early 50s, the paunchy Szczepański rode into power on the back of Edward Gierek, when the latter was named Poland's Communist Party chief in 1970 after a long stint as party boss in the southeastern region of Silesia. Szczepanski and other Silesian cronies of Gierek emigrated to top jobs in Warsaw, forming a mighty clique that Poles came to call the "Silesian Mafia." It seems that while Gierek and the other Silesians used their clout for mainly political gain, Szczepański set out from the instant he started as radio and television boss to enjoy himself hugely. "He confused privilege with licence—and by licence I mean shenanigans that would raise eyebrows even in Panama," said an influential journalist on the Warsaw Catholic daily *Slowo Powszechne*. Among the alleged capers that quickly set tongues in puritanical Poland wagging were Szczepański's reported purchase of a $2 million yacht, foreign jaunts with no fewer than three girl-friends in tow, the use of state television gear to make blue movies for his chums and the opening of a Polish television bureau in Nairobi, with a sole function, apparently, of organizing safaris for the boss and his retinue. In addition, Szczepański is said to have displayed surprising entrepreneurial gifts by buying into a meat-processing factory that serviced radio and TV canteens, keeping two government helicopters on call for private use and salting funds away in a German bank.



Szczepanski: a mighty clique, the 'Silesian Mafia'

Insiders say it was this last practice that finally ended Gierek's patience with his protégé and triggered Szczepanski's downfall. This spring he was reportedly caught while attempting to smuggle a further $400,000 out of Poland, a dollar-hungry country in which organized traffic in hard currency probably ranks second only to murder as a crime. Fired from his post and bounced from the party's Central Committee overnight, Szczepański managed to cling to his seat in parliament, which provides immunity from prosecution, only because the "Silesian Mafia" feared that a courtroom display of his dirty linen could damage it irreparably as well. But now that Poland's summer of discontent has come along to bring the country free-trade unions, sweep Gierek and his team from power and unleash a hard-hitting campaign in the Polish press against corruption by Communist Party officials, Szczepanski's parliamentary immunity seems doomed. The day before Gierek's fall, the Polish government ordered an inquiry of misuse of public funds and currency offences against the former TV king, and the betting in Warsaw is that he will stand trial before the year is out.

The case of high-flyer Szczepański, however spectacular, is but one corruption story among many to occupy the Polish capital this autumn, following the 10-year rule of Gierek who, though honest in his own right, seemed oddly tolerant of the abuses of his underlings. The tolerance apparently even extended to the offspring of Gierek's men. Warsaw has long buzzed with the exploits of the son of Poland's next-but-last prime minister, who won the nickname "Red Baron" for his lordly ways on the gambling tables of the French riviera. After reportedly dropping the equivalent of $100,000 in a single sitting at Nice, the Red Baron was summoned back to Warsaw, dressed down and—to keep him happy and occupied in the home patch—given the concession for Toyota cars in Warsaw. If the men behind Poland's current anti-corruption campaign are truly keen on making a clean sweep of Gierek's stable, the Red Baron's name is likely to figure high on their hit list.

During the Gierek years, corruption formed the backbone of a parallel economy in Poland owing to chronic shortages of even the most basic commodities. One used money—and preferably hard currency—not only to obtain favors from underpaid functionaries but also to secure the choicest cut of beef, to buy a way onto the short list for cars and to jump lineups at the telephone and Telex bureau. The Warsaw dailies recently pilloried a gentleman identified as Tadeusz T. for using his post as head of a housing-allotment office to wrangle 100,000 zlotys (20 months salary for a teacher) out of customers against the promise of shortening their wait for a new apartment from six years to just one. "Such practices are particularly shocking when they occur in a society that prides itself on being egalitarian," said a Warsaw professor. "They give the few who can afford to play the system undreamed-of advantages and leave the poor, who can't, feeling like second-class citizens."

Whether Poland's new government under Stanislaw Kania will manage to eradicate the worst practices that occurred under Gierek probably depends less on cracking down on the culprits, although that would undoubtedly be a start, than on tackling two separate yet vaguely connected problems: the party privilege that enables the Szczepańskis of the Communist world to strut the golden carpet, and the economic mess that makes Poland a honeypot for Tadeusz T. and a nightmare for almost everybody else.

Peter Lewis, a *Maclean's* correspondent based in Brussels, visited Poland earlier this month.

If a thing's worth doing...



Let's take tripartism out of the closet

'Economic civil war is a luxury we can no longer afford'

By Ed Finn



After 21 years in the trenches of Canada's labor relations battleground, I'm convinced it's a war neither side can win. Even worse, if continued much longer it will do irreparable harm to all Canadians, not just the combatants.

Our employers and unions have been clobbering one another for more than a century. Conflict has become a way of life for them and, unfortunately, they remain well armed and belligerent. But the adversary system they follow was devised for a simpler, more bountiful age. The economy could absorb the shocks of union-management warfare and still produce enough to give us a good standard of living.

Now we live in an era of much more complex economic realities. The problems posed by fiercer international competition, multinational corporations, microprocessors, dwindling resources and high inflation can be overcome only if we join together to tackle them. Co-operation and teamwork are the qualities most needed today. Economic civil war is a luxury we can no longer afford.



Strika scena; there is another way

Custom, practice and labor law in Canada, however, are still based on the concept of unions and employers as enemies. As with any long-established institution, its adherents have a vested interest in preserving it. They argue that "free collective bargaining" is a cornerstone of democracy, that it works most of the time, and that the few strikes that occur are a small price to pay for the 95 out of 100 collective agreements that are settled amicably. These are all valid arguments, as far as they go. I've used them myself, and probably will again—but only because I know that the present system, with all its flaws, is preferable to any of the repressive measures the anti-unionists would put in its place.

There is, however, a third alternative. We are not confined to a choice between industrial strife on the one hand and state control of wages and working conditions on the other. The middle road is labor-management co-operation, or, better still, labor-management-government co-operation. In a word, tripartism. This, of course, is heresy. If I were to propose it in a union hall, or even a company boardroom, I'd be hissed, booed and shouted down. Such treasonous ideas threaten the job security of thousands of business and union leaders, labor lawyers, government bureaucrats, mediators and academics who rely on the adversary system for their livelihood. Their capacity to resist change was demonstrated in Quebec City in 1976 when the then president of the Canadian Labour Congress, Joe Morris, wangled the adoption of a "manifesto" favoring tripartism at a CLC convention. You would have thought from the reaction that Morris had called for a Bolshevik take-over. Politicians, businessmen and the press outdid one another in heaping scorn on the proposal. It was elitism, they said. It was "statism." It was a threat to parliamentary democracy.

Even if the CLC manifesto had not been sunk by these external broadsides, it would have been scuttled from within. Once the officers and members of CLC-affiliated unions realized that tripartism meant working hand in glove with the boss, they denounced it as stridently as did the defenders of free enterprise. Since then, tripartism as a concept has not died. It's still heard occasionally in the after-dinner speeches of labor ministers and the more daring company and union officials. They are careful, though, to call it "consultation" or "joint decision-making," or some other euphemism.

There has even been actual collaboration in forming labor-management "sectorial" committees under the aegis of the federal department of industry, trade and commerce. These committees have been quietly working for the past few years, drafting joint programs for industrial growth and job creation. But at best they are only brief interludes in the ongoing hostilities. The adversary system continues to thrive in all parts of Canada, poisoning relationships and paralysing productivity. Still, company and union spokesmen insist that there is no better way to deal with each other.

The same officials, ironically, grumble that our industries are being outstripped by those in Japan and West Germany. They won't admit that the chief reason these nations are outperforming us is because they practise some version of tripartism. Rather than squabbling over the internal slicing of the national pie as we do, their governments, employers and unions work together as a team to compete more effectively against countries such as Canada that waste so much time, energy and resources in domestic bickering.

That is what is missing in Canada today—the will to treat one another as partners rather than opponents. Lacking that desire, the many structural, legal and attitudinal changes required will always be regarded as excuses for inaction, instead of as obstacles to overcome. Meanwhile, our divisive labor relations systems will become more and more a national liability. Unless discarded soon, it will drag Canada further and deeper into the world's economic backwaters.

Ed Finn is public relations director of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers



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Follow-up

Anne Frank's diary: the epilogue





Morawetz (above, from left) Marshall and Kugler: Anne Frank a symbol of decency

By Gaynor Jones

"I will do anything for you, except that one thing. The only thing I cannot do is sign a book written by my dear Anna." There was silence for a moment as Anne Frank's father, Otto, cried. This was the one time he showed his inner feelings to his friend, Toronto composer Oskar Morawetz, who visited him four times in Europe and heard of the suffering of Frank's family during their hiding from the Nazis and later in the concentration camps. Frank devoted his life from 1945 to the day he died, last month at the age of 91, to Anne's memory. Yet he never could overcome his emotional resistance to signing a copy of his daughter's book, *The Diary of a Young Girl*—not for Morawetz, who wrote two compositions based on the *Diary*, nor even for Dutch friends who risked their lives to hide the Franks.

More than 200 diaries written by Jews in circumstances similar to Anne's—in hiding from the Nazis in occupied Holland—have survived the Second World War. But the diary of Anne Frank is the most moving human document of them all. It is far more than a daily account of her experiences during 25 months in hiding, far more than a young girl's description of her gradual awakening to love for young Peter Van Daan, one of her companions in hiding. From the age of 13, when she first went into hiding, she suffered "like a songbird whose thoughts and wings have been brutally torn out and who is flying in utter darkness against the bars of its own cage." Yet she left a message of hope when she wrote, "I believe in human decency."

Morawetz deliberately avoided reading Anne's diary for 20 years after its publication lest it remind him of his own tragedy. "When the war was over, I found the same thing as many other Jewish people, that 90 per cent of all their relatives and friends died in concentration camps, and I felt almost guilty that I was safe in Canada. The tragedy was so indescribable that whenever anyone spoke of Anne Frank's diary, I didn't want to hear about it." Born in Czechoslovakia in 1917, Morawetz studied music in Vienna for a time, and was safe in Paris when Hitler occupied Czechoslovakia. From there he fled the Nazis to Trieste, Italy, then to Santo Domingo in the Dominican Republic, before rejoining his parents in Canada in 1940. Since then, Morawetz has become recognized as a leading Canadian composer, whose works have been performed by nearly 150 orchestras in Europe, North and South America. Aus-

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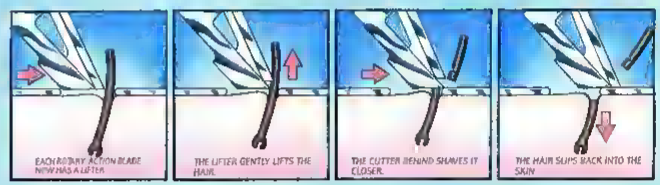
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tralia and Asia. When Morawetz finally read Anne Frank's diary in 1967, he was so struck by the beauty of the passages that he was determined to set parts of it to music. The result, three years later, was his 19-minute piece *From the Diary of Anne Frank*.

When the CBC told Morawetz to ask the publishers of the diary for permission to use excerpts, he ended up writing the most unbusinesslike personal letter about his own feelings and losses during the war. That letter served as his introduction to Otto Frank, Anne's father, who was living in Switzerland. The publishers forwarded the letter to Frank in March, 1970, and the two men began a correspondence that would make them close friends. It was Frank who told Morawetz that Anne's childhood friend, Lies Goosens, was living in Jerusalem under her married name, Lies Pick, and that Viktor Kugler (whom Anne called Kraler), the man who sheltered the Frank family in his house, was living in Toronto. After the premiere of Morawetz' *From the Diary of Anne Frank*, Kugler presented soloist Lois Marshall with roses cabled from Switzerland by Frank. Other composers, including Canadian Godfrey Ridout, have written compositions inspired by or based on the text of Anne Frank's diary. Yet none had the personal involvement with Otto Frank that Oskar Morawetz had. Morawetz made it a personal cause to follow up every detail of the story to find out what happened to all the people mentioned in the diary and to meet them to satisfy his own passionate curiosity.

He found that in the 33 years between the publication of the diary and his death last month, Frank had become a symbol of hope for thousands of young people who wrote to him from all over the world—mostly teen-aged girls. Even in his 80s Frank would reply personally to most of them and would receive visitors no matter how tired he was. One 14-year-old Japanese girl worked in a factory for three years to save enough money to spend one afternoon with Frank in Switzerland. An entire class of Italian schoolchildren once visited Frank for a few hours instead of taking their annual excursion to the Alps. Some youngsters felt closer to Frank than to their own parents—as they showed with their personal questions. One girl asked Frank whether she would be able to get married despite the freckles on her face. An East German girl ingenuously inquired whether people outside East Germany knew about the diary. One 16-year-old West German wrote: "I was in search of a friend, and now I have found her. Her name is Anne Frank." Another young woman of 18, also from West Germany, said that she was worried about Otto Frank himself. "Are you alone? Are you ill? And still another question is burning inside me: can you forgive us Germans?" And, from Canada, a 19-year-old wrote: "Ever before us, leading us to a better way of life for all, is your daughter Anne, a shining example of truth, trust and tenderness for us all."

When Frank read the diary for the first time after the war, it was such an emotional task that he stretched it over several weeks. What he read came as a surprise, as he told Morawetz. "Of course, I knew that Anna was writing a diary, but she never read parts of it that concerned her personality. In this diary, quite a different Anna appeared to me than the one I used to know. Just as Anna herself wrote in her diary, she didn't want to reveal her inner soul [to us at that time]. So I was very much astonished when I read the deep thoughts she had, her ideals, her courage. . . . In consequence, I believe that most parents don't really know their children."



Otto Frank 'Now we can live in hope'

Anne's diary ends abruptly on Aug. 1, 1944. On Aug. 4, the Frank family, their friends in hiding—Mr. and Mrs. Van Pelz (whom Anne called Van Daan), their son Peter and the dentist, Mr. Düssel—and the two men who hid them were arrested. Moments before their discovery Frank said bravely: "For two years we have lived in fear, now we can live in hope." It was probably a worker in a nearby warehouse who revealed them. He received from Hitler's secret police the usual reward paid to all such informers: five guilders (about $3 today) for each person found. After their imprisonment, the Franks were transported first to Westerbork, then, after three weeks, to the Auschwitz death camp. Of all eight people in hiding, Otto Frank was the only one to survive the concentration camps. "When we moved to Auschwitz," he told Morawetz, "we were immediately separated: the women on one side and the men on the other side. And that was all I could see of my dear ones. But I was still together with Mr. Van Pelz, Mr. Düssel and Peter. Mr. Düssel was transported later to another camp in Germany, where he died. Mr. Van Pelz was gassed. I never shall forget this scene because Peter and I watched him when he went to the gas chamber. I was very weak and in the hospital during the later months [around November-December, 1944] and Peter came every day to see me. But when the Germans had to leave the camp because the Russians advanced, Peter went with his comrades and we never heard anything further about him. He perished, like so many others."

Mrs. Edith Frank died at Auschwitz. Her two daughters were moved to Bergen-Belsen, where first Margot, then Anne, died of typhus. There Mrs. Van Pelz, too, died. That Otto Frank survived was the result of a coincidence that he related to Morawetz. An angry Nazi, having first yelled at Frank for peeling potatoes too slowly, then beat him up so badly that he was too weak to join the other prisoners assembled for the walk back to Germany. Peter urged Frank to accompany them. Frank thought there was no point in trying to leave when he could walk no more than 10 steps. "They might as well shoot me," he said to Peter. Suddenly, a telephone call warned his tormentors that the nearby Soviet troops were attacking, and that all Nazis must leave immediately. The Nazis had no time to cover the traces of their atrocities or to kill possible survivors. When the Russian army came, Frank was saved.

And Anne's closest friend, Lies, who had lived on the same street when they were both just 4 years old, also survived the war. It is the diary passages concerning Lies that Morawetz set to music, beginning with the section where Anne sees a vision of Lies just before she falls asleep. "I saw her in front of me, clothed in rags, her face thin and worn. Her eyes were very big and she looked so sadly and reproachfully at me that I could read in her eyes: 'Oh, Anne, why have you deserted me? Help, rescue me from this hell!' " Through an incredible coincidence, the two girls had been put in adjacent compounds. Lies saw Anne three brief times, for a total of just a few minutes, through the barbed-wire fence that separated their quarters at Bergen-Belson in January, 1945, shortly before Anne died. To communicate through the fence was a crime punishable by death. Lies's last glimpse of Anne was when she ran to pick up the meagre parcel of food that Lies had managed to scrape together and throw over the fence. More than 30 years later, Lies was still able to describe this scene to Morawetz, when he visited her husband Walter Pick in Jerusalem in 1976. Lies had always thought Anne was safe in Switzerland; Anne was convinced that her friend, who symbolized "the sufferings of all my girl-friends and all the Jews," had perished. Yet Lies's description of Anne, who was in the death compound for people transferred from Auschwitz, is strikingly similar to Anne's vision of Lies. As Lies remembers her girl-friend, clad in the middle of winter in "a ragged striped uniform that made me feel ashamed of my own clothes," Anne "was so emaciated that her eyes were like two pieces of coal deep in the sockets of a skull. Suddenly I knew why I had thought of a skull. Her head was shaved." Not yet 16, Anne died in March, 1945, only a few weeks before the British liberated Bergen-Belson.

On April 13, 1945, the Nazis herded Lies, together with the rest of the prisoners, into a train of cattle cars. When the Russians freed their train on April 23, at Frankfurt, half the prisoners had died from typhus in the lice-infested cars. Lies and her four-year-old sister, Rachel, were among the survivors, eventually the Red Cross sent them back to Holland. When Otto Frank, still sick, heard that Lies was alive, he started the 200-km walk back from Amsterdam to see her in the hospital at Maastricht, and arrived in three days. According to Lies, "had Anne known her father was still alive, I believe she might have found the will to cling to life." Years after the war, Lies would always think of Anne's shaven head whenever she had to have her hair cut. There was only one thing that Anne had been vain about during their school days—her thick black hair.

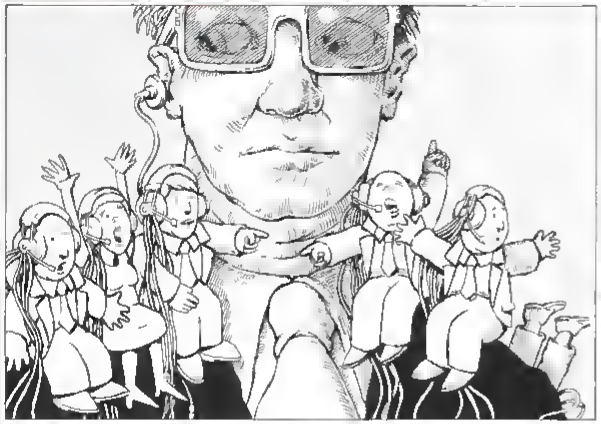
Had Oskar Morawetz known in 1970 that Lies was alive, he might have written his composition differently. For when Anne wrote that Lies symbolized the suffering of all her girl-friends and all Jews, Morawetz "saw in the death of Lies the tragedy of all the people who died in the concentration camps that I knew."

Obviously, the audience for contemporary classical Canadian music is not as broad as that for the book, the play or the film based on Anne Frank's *Diary*. Yet Morawetz' composition *From the Diary of Anne Frank*, since its Toronto premiere in 1970, has been performed at Carnegie Hall, in Washington, D.C., and Bloomington, Ind., and overseas in Tel Aviv, Prague and Adelaide. It received a special award from the Segal Fund, Montreal, in 1971 as "the most important contribution to Jewish culture and music in Canada." There are no survivors of Anne Frank's family. Yet the music of Oskar Morawetz and the words of Anne Frank live on.



Dateline: Brussels

You like tomato and I like τομάτα



CHARLES JAFFE

By Peter Lewis

Pity the interpreter. Imprisoned in a glass cage at international gatherings, his ear welded to headphones and mouth to mike, his duty is to turn a gem in one language into an imitation jewel in another the instant it spills from the speaker's lips. His chief virtue, next to being fast and accurate, is being unobtrusive, a phantom voice insinuating itself into the proceedings with about as much personality as Muzak. But the cardinal rule that an interpreter should be heard and not seen may soon be jettisoned at the European Community (EC), where interpreters struggle daily with the chore of rendering everything from the mighty thoughts of presidents to the latest regulations on footwear into six EC languages.

Once Greece, Portugal and Spain join the EC over the next few years, raising the language total to nine, the interpreters attending conferences and meetings could easily outnumber actual delegates by 3 to 1. "If we uphold the hallowed rule that every country is entitled to follow proceedings in its own language, we have to double the number of interpreters and build huge facilities to accommodate them," said Renee Van Hoof, head of the EC's interpretation service. "Frankly, you won't see the speaker for the booths and electronic gear." She could have been exaggerating. To provide a full service at any one meeting of the EC at present, about 15 interpreters are needed to weave in and out of French, English, German, Italian, Dutch and Danish.

In taking on three new languages, the interpreting staff would theoretically have to expand from 291 full-time and 130 free-lance interpreters in order to cope with the increase in possible language permutations. For instance, there are 20 people now in training as Greek interpreters. Still, the number of interpreters will in practice probably not increase that much as EC interpreters can handle more than two tongues—recruits are required to speak a minimum of three. But Van Hoof is correct in thinking that the addition of Greek, Spanish and Portuguese will swell the Community's language costs enormously. Last year, nearly 10,000 EC meetings required simultaneous interpretation while various EC bodies churned out a staggering 1,061,739 pages of translation work. The cost was approximately one-third of the EC's entire administrative budget of $1.1 billion. With the newcomers, the flow of words, pages and dollars is bound to at least double.

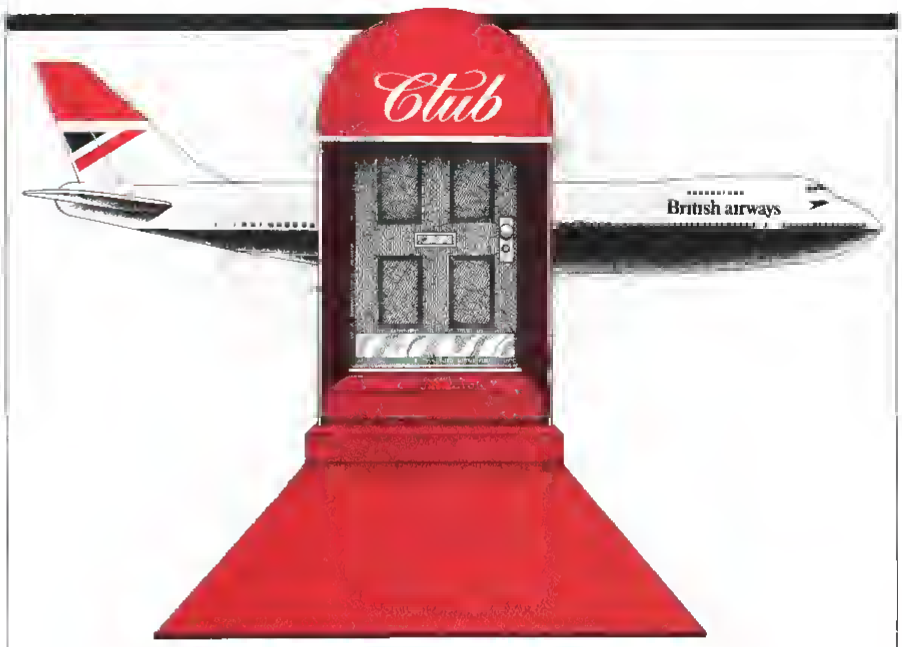
Although interpreters and translators can easily earn $40,000 a year in Brussels, they are considered the drones of the EC hive. The reason is not so much that they toil harder than most specialists, secretaries and executives, but that the work they do is astoundingly dull and repetitious. "How would you like to spend your work life putting regulations on artificial fibres into Dutch? It simply destroys you," sighed a Belgian, who added that it was little wonder that translators suffered the highest suicide and nervous breakdown rates among EC staffers. The EC's full-time interpreters are probably luckier than translators if only because they frequently escape office routine by travelling on Community affairs. Sometimes it's to a trade conference in faraway Nairobi, more often to a passionate debate in Luxembourg on the subject of ball bearings.

It has long been suggested that the EC solve its language problem by falling back on the use of just two or three Community languages, much as the UN functions with five working tongues and NATO makes do with just English and French. But several factors run against this solution. EC meetings, unlike those of other international bodies, are not restricted to experts in fields like diplomacy or warfare, but rather involve specialists in 100 or so technical branches. Yet the biggest obstacle is the emotional pull of languages in Europe. Each country takes huge pride in its tongue, and the EC's days would surely be numbered if it ever dared to thrust edicts that can affect a nation's livelihood upon Danes, Dutchmen or Italians in anything but their own languages. In Europe, lesser affronts have triggered wars.

So what can be done to prevent the addition of new languages from paralysing an EC language service already hard put to provide full service in six tongues? Community chiefs have urged member states to spend $18 million on research into translation by computer. Experts feel it would be technically feasible to make a machine that could turn out workable translations within seconds, especially when the vocabulary is technical and repetitious. But it could take a decade to produce that computer and, besides, it would not help with interpretation. Until a better system is devised, EC interpreters will probably resort to a system of relay translation that hinges on the use of a common language as an intermediary between two little-used tongues—Greek, for instance, would be translated into English before being put into Danish. This permits everybody to speak and follow proceedings in their own tongue.

Yet secondhand interpretation is twice as inaccurate as the direct brand and at the EC as elsewhere, a single error has been known to reduce a meeting to chaos. It is also time-consuming. One shudders to imagine what could happen were the Greek delegate to unexpectedly launch himself into flights of fancy or indulge in a sly Hellenic pun. The meeting could be over for hours before the Dutch delegate saw the light.

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Letters

Quality not quantity

In his article *The 10,000 Commandments* (Canada, Aug. 18), Robert Lewis seems preoccupied with the quantity of government regulation in our lives—"virtually no avenue of human endeavor is left to our fate"—rather than considerations of quality. We should make clear distinctions between regulations that aim to protect the health and safety of people living in Canada with those imposed more for political or moral reasons. I'm inclined to agree that the price of eggs, the amount of Canadian content on the airwaves and the sexual details of films ought to be arrived at unfettered by government intervention. But I'm quite happy, thank you, that we have regulations restricting toxic pesticide residues in our food and "poop-and-scoop" bylaws to protect youngsters from dog-dirt infections.

LINDA REAN PIM, THORNHILL, ONT.

Paying the price

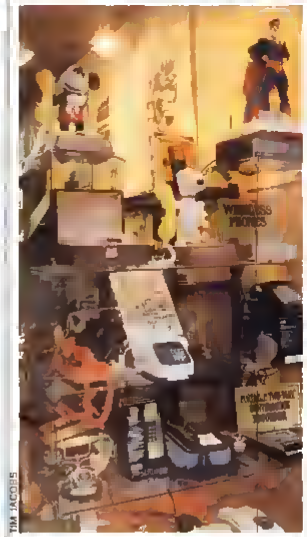
I wish someone would explain to me why this country is so determined to change laws to make things easier for law-breakers. I am referring to the Christopher Welch case (*The Low Cost of Dying*, Canada, Aug. 11). If we are going to worry about anyone in these high-speed chases, let us worry about the policemen who are risking their lives to capture a law-breaker who might otherwise never be caught.

GLORIA ROBINS, WINNIPEG

Every day it seems an article appears screaming about police brutality or accusing the police of not doing enough to protect the public. We want to muzzle and bind them in shackles while expecting them to protect life and property under a constant barrage of criticism. Your recent article was a prime example of where the police, in the performance of their duty, were blamed for the death of a young man. It appears that the 19-year-old was asking for everything that he received. By virtue of the fact that he did not pay for his gas and tried to outrun the police, avoiding several roadblocks, he instantly became a criminal and deserved to be treated as such.

EGON S. FRANK, VANCOUVER

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A7.



TIM JACOBS

Non-Bell gimmick phones protect youngsters from dog-dirt diseases

A metric high

I enjoy reading *Maclean's* and was thrilled by the article on the Beaver aircraft, *Requiem for a Tough Old Bird* (Canada, Aug. 11). I had not realized that this vintage aircraft was such a record-breaker. To have achieved an altitude of 8,000 km (5,000 miles) in air "rough as a corncob" is a fantastic achievement. Even at 8,000 metres (25,000 feet) the pilot was probably hallucinating all that corn. If you are going to play with metric, please do it right. I'm confused enough as it is.

DALE BLUE, PROVOST, ALTA.

Followers of fashion

In his column *Imitation and Vibration: Europe on $10 a Minute* (Column, July 14), Allan Fotheringham gives unfounded credit to Americans in saying "... the youth doing their imitation of what they *think* American teen-agers look like." I do feel that Fotheringham is misguided in dubbing the fashions "imitations" as, contrary to American belief, Europeans do not look to the U.S. for fashion guidance. Nor do I think that Europeans en masse can be said to be possessed of a "cultural envy" toward those same Americans. Financial envy perhaps, cultural definitely not.

INGRID MILLS,
GWENT, SOUTH WALES

A rolling stone

I am writing in response to your article *A Window in a Bright Corner* (Theatre, July 21), in which you reported on the Festival Lennoxville. People associated with the festival are very pleased with this complimentary article. However, I must report one inaccuracy in the comments on *The Black Bonspiel of Wullie MacCrimmon*. "... with accomplished curlers from a local club sliding their rocks from offstage." Even though some assistance was provided by local curlers in rehearsal sessions, it is the actors themselves who deliver the stones. It is a credit to the professional keenness and ability of this group of actors (and especially Brian Paul), and their sessions of practice on this novel surface, that has ensured a brilliant and funny show. I have enjoyed the show several times—and Wullie has won every game.

BILL ROURKE, PRESIDENT
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Divide and conquer

I would like to compliment Maurice F Strong for his article *But It Can Happen Here* (Podium, July 21) I think the piece should be compulsory reading—or should I say "required" reading—in a free country I am terribly saddened at the state of affairs in our country at the present time, and I cannot imagine what our provinces are thinking about. Have they any idea what they could do to Canada? Do they not know that "a nation divided against itself shall fall"?

BETTY BEIRNE,
COQUITLAM, B.C

Aiding or abetting?

It was disappointing to read your article *The North and South of It* (Canada, Aug 18) on the demands for a greatly increased Canadian foreign aid budget The only conclusion that so-called experts on development have drawn from the utter failure of the billions of aid dollars that the industrialized West has transferred to the infelicitously named developing nations since the Second World War to alleviate Third World poverty is that more billions are needed The proper conclusion is that contemporary foreign aid policies don't work. Food aid has not filled empty bellies so much as it has lifted the lid on population and increased the number of empty bellies while wrecking indigenous agriculture. Bankrolling unsuccessful socialist experiments has promoted not development but an international welfare mentality.

JAMES P HULL,
VICE PRESIDENT,
CITIZENS FOR FOREIGN AID REFORM INC.
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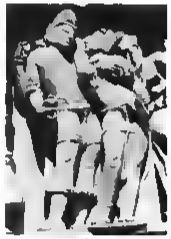
Cultural cleavages

David Silcox's article *Let's Not Misunderstand Each Other* (Podium, Aug. 11) came across to this reader as a well-taken and sincere appeal for the culture that is rightfully ours as Canadians We have too long assumed an altruistic and apologetic attitude toward expressing ourselves creatively in relation to our country I would like to suggest that it would be a timely gesture for the powers that be to establish a Western Canadian Canada Council office This would make realistic sense National unity could be served and it would be one of a number of politically wise overtures that Ottawa must inevitably make to the West. Even a token office would be better than nothing—at least it would show some willingness on the part of the federal government to service adequately the large and growing artistic energy of this equally vital part of Canada.

LUTHER POKRANT,
WINNIPEG

Bravo to David P Silcox for his acuity in pointing out the true dimensions of our new constitution—addressing the "purpose of government to the minds, hearts and spirit of a people." Civilizations down through the ages have indeed been remembered not so much for their policies as for their arts. To say that our government encourages cultural malnutrition with its token recognition of the arts is to admit that our politicians are more attuned to the demands of those people whose myopic vision begins and ends with health, pensions and gasoline taxes Are we doomed to be pitied as a nation polarized by economic squabbling, held together by the Plasticine of regional appeasement? Or will we be emulated as a nation by the enduring fibres of a unique cultural spirit mirrored through our artists?

MARY GARDINER,
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1974 Tom Wilkinson, Edmonton
1973 George McGowan, Edmonton
1972 Garney Henley, Hamilton
1971 Don Jonas, Winnipeg
1970 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1968 Bill Symons, Toronto
1967 Peter Liske, Calgary
1966 Russ Jackson Ottawa
1965 George Reed, Saskatchewan
1964 Lovell Coleman Calgary
1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1962 George Dixon Montreal
1961 Bernie Faloney, Hamilton
1960 Jackie Parker Edmonton
1959 Johnny Bright, Edmonton
1958 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1957 Jackie Parker Edmonton
1956 Hal Patterson Montreal
1955 Pat Abbruzzi, Montreal
1954 Sam Etcheverry, Montreal
1953 Billy Vessels Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

1973 Ray Nettles, B C
1972 John Helton, Calgary
1971 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1970 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1969 John LaGrone, Edmonton
1968 Ken Lehmann, Ottawa
1967 Ed McQuarters, Saskatchewan
1966 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1965 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1964 Tom Brown B C
1963 Tom Brown, B C
1962 John Barrow Hamilton
1961 Frank Rigney, Winnipeg
1960 Herb Gray Winnipeg
1959 Roger Nelson, Edmonton
1958 Don Luzzi, Calgary
1957 Kaye Vaughan, Ottawa
1956 Kaye Vaughan, Ottawa
1955 Tex Coulter, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

1979 Mike Wilson Edmonton
1978 Jim Coode Ottawa
1977 Al Wilson B.C.
1976 Dan Yochum, Montreal
1975 Charlie Turner Edmonton
1974 Ed George Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

1979 Ben Zambiasi Hamilton
1978 Dave Fennell Edmonton
1977 Dan Kepley Edmonton
1976 Bill Baker, B C
1975 Jim Corrigall, Toronto
1974 John Helton, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

1979 Brian Kelly, Edmonton
1978 Joe Poplawski Winnipeg
1977 Leon Bright B C
1976 John Sciarra, B C
1975 Tom Clements, Ottawa
1974 Sam Cvijanovich, Toronto
1973 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
1972 Chuck Ealey, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

1979 Dave Fennell Edmonton
1978 Tony Gabriel Ottawa
1977 Tony Gabriel Ottawa
1976 Tony Gabriel Ottawa
1975 Jim Foley, Ottawa
1974 Tony Gabriel, Hamilton
1973 Gerry Organ Ottawa
1972 Jim Young B C
1971 Terry Evanshen, Montreal
1970 Jim Young B C
1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1968 Ken Nielsen, Winnipeg
1967 Terry Evanshen, Calgary
1966 Russ Jackson Ottawa
1965 Zeno Karcz, Hamilton
1964 Tommy Grant Hamilton
1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1962 Harvey Wylie, Calgary
1961 Tony Pajaczkowski Calgary
1960 Ron Stewart, Ottawa
1959 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
1958 Ron Howell Hamilton
1957 Gerry James Winnipeg
1956 Normie Kwong, Edmonton
1955 Normie Kwong, Edmonton
1954 Gerry James, Winnipeg

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Guatemalan terrorist bombing, and Kramar opposition crushed with brutality

Q & A: Francisco Villagrán Kramer

Jackboots in Guatemala

Francisco Villagrán Kramer, the last of the moderate civilians in Guatemala's murderous military dictatorship, resigned as the nation's vice-president earlier this month while visiting Washington, D.C. Human rights authorities readily agree that for him to go back now would mean torture and death. A law professor, he joined a coalition government headed by Gen. Romeo Lucas Garcia in July, 1978, hoping to bring about reforms and a transition to civilian rule. But even as the highest elected civilian and supposedly second-in-command he was able to do little to change the horror story that is Guatemala today. Five per cent of the population still owns three-quarters of the land. Eighty per cent of the children under 5 suffer from malnutrition. Opposition to the government or to the wealthy is automatically branded as communist-inspired, and crushed with brutality. Amnesty International estimates that 20,000 Guatemalans have been murdered—often tortured to death—for political offences since 1966. And it's getting worse. Some experts say the death toll from political violence now is running to about 30 a day. Villagrán Kramer talked in Washington with Maclean's *contributing editor William Lowther*

Maclean's *Guatemala has suffered under fierce authoritarian regimes for at least 26 years. Why did you ever agree to join the government in the first place?*

Kramar The government that I joined in 1978 was a coalition of centre-left and centre-right groups. We had just emerged from a decade of strong political difficulties when the military had controlled the affairs of the executive and the affairs of state. We wanted to set up a period of transition, to give the military the chance to withdraw from power with honor—not having been defeated in the polls. We also hoped that the young people would regain a faith in politics and would participate in the various parties and turn their eyes away from the very romantic approach of the guerrillas and a life spent fighting from the hills. The centre right proposed that the president should be a military man and they proposed Gen.



'Nearly all the leaders . . . were assassinated'

Romeo Lucas Garcia. We knew him to be hard-line but it was a take-it-or-leave-it situation. My name was put forward and I joined the government as a sort of balance to the general.

Maclean's. *Did you achieve anything?*

Kramar Yes. For the first time in more than 20 years the left-wing parties were given a role in our public life. Labor leaders were allowed to organize and several very important collective agreements were reached. We also began a program of bilingual education, using Spanish and the various Indian languages, in the rural areas. It was the first time that had ever been done on a meaningful scale. But after six months everything changed. Meaningful power was taken away from me. Nearly all of the leaders of the left-wing parties and of the labor unions were assassinated. Indian education is being abandoned.

Maclean's *What went wrong?*

Kramar In late 1978 and early 1979, when Gen. Anastasio Somoza was being defeated by the Sandinista forces in Nicaragua, he made continued efforts to obtain the backing and political support of other governments in the region. Our military decided to back Somoza 110 per cent. Somoza sold the idea to Gen. Lucas that if Guatemala allowed the liberal sectors of its society to grow and to participate in government, then sooner or later he would find himself in the same position as Somoza—a general on the run. So the terrible repressions began. The first ones to be murdered were those who had openly criticized Somoza. For example, early in '79 Alberto Fuentes Mohr, a former foreign minister, and Manuel Colom Argueta, a former mayor of Guatemala City, were both shot down in the streets of the capital. No investigation was made into their deaths. And after the fall of Somoza the very conservative groups within our country, together with the military, decided to take over all forms of control over the population and abandon our programs.

Maclean's *What has been the effect of pressure from other countries?*

Kramar The relationship with Europe, with the United States and with Canada has become very strained. The Canadian government has expressed its concern many times. But all critics have been labelled Communists and Marxists.

Maclean's *Guatemala's government says that it doesn't know who is committing all of the assassinations. But national police statistics attribute 3,252 deaths last year to right-wing "death squads" with names like "The White Hand" and "The Secret Anti-Communist Army." Why have none of these murders been investigated and who really orders them?*

Kramar. From January to June this year I know that at least 750 people were killed for political reasons. A substantial number of the bodies that were discovered showed signs of heavy torture. When I protested about this to the military I was called a traitor. They said that I was only publicizing events that would be used by organizations like Amnesty International to give Guatemala a bad name. All underdeveloped governments have repressive bodies to do their dirty work. In that sense, one can say that the director of secret police

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probably orders the deaths However, the fact that the crimes are never investigated and that no order is ever given to stop them would indicate that the military government is behind them.

Maclaan's: *Authorities in the United States estimate that there are only a few hundred guerrillas operating in Guatemala. Are they controlled by the Cubans and is their movement growing?*

Kramar: The Guatemalan guerrillas seem to take pride in a nationalistic attitude. During the 1960s there was a guerrilla movement with very strong links to Cuba. But the present guerrilla movement, while I believe that it discusses strategy with the Cubans, has few foreign elements in its ranks and certainly does not take orders from Castro. Particularly among the Indian groups, they are growing.

Maclaan's: *Does the Catholic Church have a role to play in politics?*

Kramar. In some cases the church has identified itself with the expectations and the aspirations of the Indians. This has convinced the military that some factions within the church are siding with the guerrillas and many priests have been assassinated.

Maclean's: *What do you see for the future of Guatemala?*

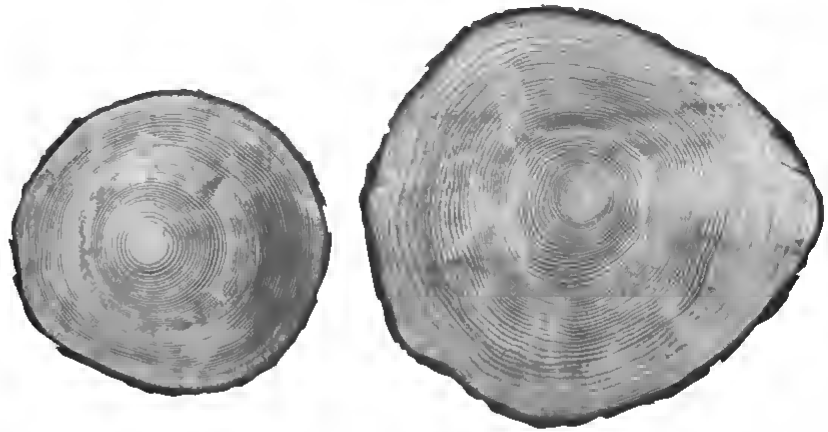
Kramar: Partly as a result of the repression, the economy is in a bad way. At the end of 1979 national reserves amounted to about $1 billion. Now, fearing a revolution, some businessmen are keeping their profits from coffee exports in foreign banks. The money is not coming back to Guatemala. Reserves now stand at about $498 million. The right-wing conservatives might eventually realize that if the repression continues the country will go broke and that might convince them to change their policies. Or, there might eventually be a revolution as there was in Nicaragua.

Maclaan's: *Won't the recent oil finds in Guatemala save the economy?*

Kramar: Well, the oil just happens to be on land acquired by military and civilian leaders some time ago, before the finds were made public. Certainly some of the profits from the exploitation of the oil will go back into the economy, to build roads and bridges that will just happen to run right through military and other estates, making them worth even more money. I doubt if the more modest sectors of the population will receive any benefits from the oil finds.

Maclaan's: *Will you ever return to Guatemala?*

Kramar: Oh yes, I hope that I will be able to do so one day. The Bible warns us to expect seven lean years. For me, they have started. I feel that I did the best job that I was able. If I can be of use to a future generation, then I will be available.

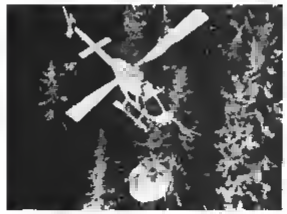


Both cross sections are from pine trees of the same age. The tree on the right shows a dramatic increase in the growth rings after it was fertilized, one example of the ways forest land can be helped to produce more wood.

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Forestry people in governments and industry believe Canada's investment in future crops should be larger. So attention is turning increasingly to silviculture (the care and feeding of trees) to produce bigger and better wood crops for the future. The Canadian Forest Congress, held this fall in Toronto, Sept. 22-23, focused public attention on our opportunities for forest improvement.



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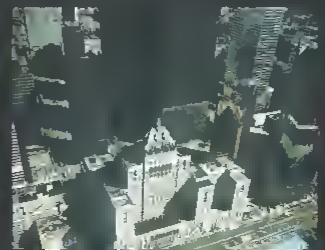
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The constitution push is on

By John Hay



Trudeau and caucus Chairman Jacques Guilbault: threats that inspire caution

Even with a hawkish caucus and feisty cabinet behind him, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau had good reason to take his deliberate time plotting the next moves in his constitution campaign: political and legal dangers abound. But events were surely running his way last week as he salvaged all he could from the wreckage of the failed first ministers' conference. In a four-hour Parliament Hill meeting, the Liberal caucus gave him carte blanche to do what he had intended—bring home the constitution with a new amendment mechanism and entrench in it a charter of rights enforceable by the courts. The MPs and senators told Trudeau what his surveys have shown, that the public supports patriation of the British North America Act and entrenchment of rights. And, he was told, Canadians are not much concerned about him overriding provincial rights in doing so.

Thus heartened, the cabinet next day agreed on unilateral action. But its decision was cautious and incomplete. Parliament would be recalled early from summer recess to deal with the constitution, but there was no decision when. And several key constitutional issues were left unsettled—among them, what rights will be entrenched and whether they will be binding on provincial governments. As Trudeau prepared to escape Ottawa for some handshaking in the high Arctic this week, his strategists were taking care not to let bright public opinion polls blind them to hazards ahead.

However popular, a unilateral federal move to patriate and change the BNA Act is almost certain to be opposed in the courts by the Quebec government and maybe others. The feds insist they have an ironclad case. Since 1886, the standard way to amend the BNA Act has been a joint address to the British government by the Canadian Commons and Senate. The British Parliament has invariably passed the requested amendment. At issue now is whether Canada's Parliament alone can patriate the constitution *and change its terms* through the joint address without consulting the provinces, even when it alters their powers. By convention, provinces affected by constitutional amendments have generally been consulted by Ottawa, but not always; Newfoundland was let into Confederation in 1949 without consultation, over Quebec's complaints about the Labrador border. A 1965 Liberal government white paper declared as a general rule that Parliament "will not request an amendment directly affecting federal-provincial relationships without prior consultation and agreement with the provinces." Federal lawyers argue that convention can't be enforced by the courts.

As for patriation, Trudeau himself acknowledges a long-standing rule that unanimous provincial consent is needed, but added at the first ministers' conference: "We have to break this rule." Queen's University law professor William Lederman believes Ottawa can patriate the BNA Act by itself only if provinces retain their veto over subsequent changes. "Anything unilateral that goes beyond that is unconstitutional," he says. Environment Minister John Roberts, one of the summertime constitutional negotiators, calls Lederman wrong. While it might not fit constitutional convention, a joint resolution by Parliament without provincial consent would be perfectly legal, asserts Roberts.



It is just that threat of courtroom obstruction that helps inspire federal caution at this stage. Trudeau's ministers are pondering, for instance, how the provinces would take a new constitution with the same amending formula the premiers advanced when they met Trudeau. That would permit future changes with approval of Parliament and two-thirds of the provinces with half the national population, with some opting-out clauses for dissenting provinces. There is also the challenge of piloting a joint resolution through a House of Commons that will already be lumbered with debates on the budget due next month, budget bills, more bills to authorize government spending, and

what could be an elaborate and contentious energy package

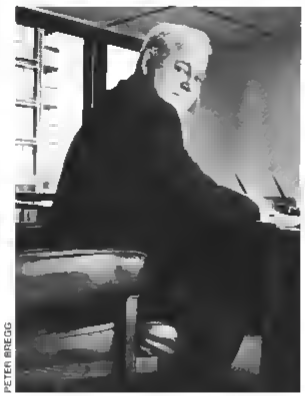
In office since last March, Finance Minister Allan MacEachen is finally hitting budget-making stride, consulting his provincial counterparts in Ottawa last Friday And Energy Minister Marc Lalonde was taking deep breaths for another run at Alberta's Merv Leitch and the elusive oil bargain In the Commons itself, the government is armed with a motion adopted unanimously last May calling for unilateral patriation—and sponsored by Tory back-bencher Bill Yurko But Yurko's leader, Joe Clark, was absent that day and now opposes unilateral action Notwithstanding Trudeau's aim to have the ronstitution home by Christmas, one government official watching House business stack up says he will be lucky to have his resolution by Easter ✧

The man behind the bottom line

"This is my last day on the job and I'm celebrating my 65th birthday this weekend!" With that, the stocky, conservatively dressed man with a face like a friendly bulldog picked up his package of choice-cut steak and headed for his waiting limousine A chorus of good wishes from one of Ottawa's select Wilham Street butcher shops followed him out the door But James Johnson Macdonell, Canada's seventh auditor-general, had more than retirement and a birthday to celebrate When he next returns for his supply of steak and fresh Canadian lamb, it will be as chairman of the Canadian Comprehensive Auditing Foundation, a job that carries with it no limousine and no salary, but an infinity of satisfaction

Many Canadian public servants have earned themselves a place in history: O.D Skelton, Gordon Robertson, Robert Bryce, to name a few.* But with the official launching this week of his cherished foundation, J.J. Macdonell just may have gone one better than all the others Macdonell is assuring his place in Canada's future by establishing his own line of succession On the surface, the foundation sounds worthy enough, a project even capable of stirring excitement in the bosoms of chartered accountants and management consultants Funded by federal and provincial governments and a sizable chunk from the private sector, it will act as a watchdog on the quality of the nation's financial controls And it will train generations of young practitioners in the field of proper financial supervision, specifically in the science of "value-for-money" auditing of both governmental and business expenditures And therein lies the story

"Value for money" is J.J. Macdonell's baby That's the principle that takes an auditor's role beyond adding up figures on a ledger to catch mistakes in arithmetic and hidden expense accounts "Value for money" means a critical evaluation of the effectiveness of spending money. In government terms, that comes perilously close to meddling in



PETER BREGG

Ex-auditor-general Macdonell still laughing all the way to the butcher shop

politics, if not the politics behind the spending programs Macdonell did not promote "value for money" in Ottawa without a fight, and the seal of approval that his new foundation gives the scheme represents a singular success

Macdonell's seven-year term saw an extraordinary increase in the stature and size of the office of the auditor-general By upgrading his staff and hiring scores of outside professionals on contract, Macdonell hiked his annual expenditures by close to 400 per cent from 1973 to 1980 For critics like the University of Toronto's Douglas Hartle, once deputy secretary of the treasury board, the money and expertise would be better spent on services to members of Parliament But Macdonell can point to his new job as proof that his supporters far outnumber his critics His new foundation begins life with a blue-ribbon board of governors representing the cream of the country's chartered accountants, management consultants and university business schools While the foundation will operate on a minuscule administrative budget (perhaps no more than $6,000 a year), its strength will lie in Macdonell's ability to borrow the services of top people in both the private and public sectors to carry out individual projects And there will be a sizable and totally separate budget (up to $500 000 a year for five years) from the Canadian International Development Agency to enable the foundation to share its expertise with developing countries

"Who audits the auditor-general?" is a question Macdonell was asked frequently while in office and he always replied with a laugh and a shrug. He's still laughing all the way to the butcher shop, but that may be because he's finally found the answer The answer is Canadian Comprehensive Auditing Foundation and J.J Macdonell, that's who.

Elizabeth Gray

Skelton as undersecretary of state for external affairs during the Mayhen King years, Robert Bryce as Privy Council clerk and cabinet secretary 1954 1963, and Gordon Robertson, his successor under Pearson and Trudeau until 1975

Some chickens, some necks

The cause was a noble one the federal government wanted to prevent a massive American multinational from buying British Columbia's Maplewood Poultry Processors and gaining control of nearly 80 per cent of the province's turkey market The government then had to scramble around like a chicken with its head cut off to find a Canadian buyer Early this month, it lent the Scott Poultry Co-operative Association of B.C $3¼ million to purchase the plant, which Scott renamed Pan-Ready Poultry But in a surprise move, the federal department of agriculture insisted on hiring a competing co-operative in Alberta to act as a consultant to Pan-Ready for five years—at a fee of $500,000, paid in advance

Government negotiator Al Proulx—one of Pan-Ready's seven new directors—says the $500,000 to Lilydale Co-operative of Edmonton was "a sweetener in the pot to get them to participate in what was a very reluctant marriage." Last week, as the board of directors met for the first time, Pan-Ready General Manager Ted Stam remarked: "I wish they'd hire *me* in a sweetheart deal like that. I've got to do my work first before I get paid. How did the government know what work had to be done?" And, in a carefully worded statement, Colyn Welsh, secretary-manager of the B.C. Turkey Marketing Board, said "There are certain sections of the industry that wonder at the wisdom of prepaying on a service contract when you don't know exactly what you're going to get in the way of a service." So far, Scott Poultry has taken a tough stance with the government, refusing to allow Lilydale's general manager, Walter Berry, to become a director, and last Tuesday they even told him he had no right to be in Pan-Ready's hatchery without permission

Barry: if he isn't a wolf is he a ram?



KARAM/UPC

Whatever criticism can be levelled at the government's actions—for advancing the fat consulting fee or failing to recognize the tensions inevitable in setting the Albertan fox among the B.C chickens—there is no doubt that Ottawa had to act Maplewood Poultry was in horrific financial straits last spring after a succession of owners, including Canada Packers, labored to keep the small independent processor competitive with the large producer-owned co-operatives One hope was an offer from the Winnipeg-based subsidiary of Cargill Grain of Minneapolis, one of the largest grain companies in the U.S. By buying Maplewood, Cargill would control nearly half the broiler market and more than three-quarters of the turkey processing in the province While B.C Agriculture Minister Jim Hewitt favored the sale, the Foreign Investment Review Agency rejected the Cargill take-over. When Maplewood went into voluntary receivership and its 135 employees were laid off, Ottawa began talking turkey with producers and co-operatives in B.C. and Alberta

The government approached Lilydale first—for the good reason that the Edmonton co-operative, which controls 86 per cent of Alberta's poultry processing, is considered the cock of the walk in Western Canada Its general manager, 57-year-old Berry, has been with Lilydale since 1946 and spent six years as a consultant saving the Manitoba Dairy and Poultry Co-operative from ruin Lilydale discussed buying Maplewood together with B.C turkey producers—Ottawa would give them a $3.75-million loan—but finally decided the company would be more trouble than it was worth Berry recommended that the 140-member Scott Poultry Co-operative Association of Port Coquitlam buy it instead Lilydale had operated in B C for 11 years and built the plant that Scott bought in 1973 The two co-operatives compete on a limited basis in the two provinces



PAUL LITTLE

Stam 'No way ha can stick his nose in'

Economist Proulx, secretary-manager of the federal Agriculture Stabilization Board, negotiated the $6 62 million sale but offered Scott a government loan of only $3 25 million—the other $500,000 would go to Lilydale for its consulting expertise over five years When Lilydale demanded the fee in advance, a desperate department of agriculture agreed—with a proviso that the money would be returned if the contract wasn't fulfilled

Last week, Proulx was concerned about reports that Scott Poultry's Stam was describing Berry as an uninvited competitor If Stam perceived the Albertan as something of a wolf amid a flock of sheep, Proulx preferred to describe him more as "one very aggressive ram in with all the ewes." Reminded of what a ram does to ewes, Proulx smiled and said "The ewes find they like it after all."

Paul Grescoe

A sleeping giant wakes up unhappy

The fact that postal workers were inexplicably off the job came as no surprise to a strike-weary public. But the explanation, when it sunk in, *was* a surprise: the workers, for once, were not the source of the problem but were merely honoring picket lines thrown up by rotating groups of federal office clerks. Those lines were the first public warning of a possible strike that could paralyse federal government services across the country. If it happens, it will also begin a new chapter in Canadian labor history

The clerks are the humble Uriah Heeps of the public service Long the most docile members of an inherently conservative union, the Public Service Alliance of Canada, they surprised even their own leadership when they erupted this month in wildcat strikes, prompting one organizer to compare them with "a sleeping giant who wakes from a long sleep and doesn't like what she sees." The gender is important Of the 47,000 processors of paper burden across the country, 70 per cent are women, many single parents And their sudden awakening is due, at least in part, to the alliance's first-ever woman executive vice-president, Aileen Manion

Elected last year as the reformist choice over an old-guard member of the union establishment, 55-year-old Manion has spent her first year in office trying to shorten the distance the alliance

Manion and Edmonton clerks, a slaight of heavy hand that backfired



has always maintained between its leadership and its rank and file. In particular, the clerks, involved since last November in difficult contract negotiations, became Manion's personal crusade. While the talk across the bargaining table grew less and less productive, finally breaking down last spring, Manion was giving her full support to gung-ho grassroots organizers in a campaign to raise the awareness of the federal government's lowest-paid employees. (The average clerk's salary is $12,000; some earn as little as $9,000, a handful earn more than $15,000.) Early last year clerks across the country began sporting stickers saying WE ARE READY and spontaneous rallies attracted large crowds. By late August of this year, when the twice-delayed conciliation board report finally appeared, the clerks were loaded for bear—with a COLA clause tying their wages to the cost of living.

The report let them down. It confined itself to a shorter working week and a 19-per-cent wage hike which, in Manion's view, "they probably would have accepted last spring." But since then the postal workers had won a cost-of-living allowance and the clerks, poor cousins for too long, wanted COLA too. Apparently insensitive to that, the alliance executive urged its members to accept the report in a lengthy voting procedure. Hardly had the clerks had time to digest the fact that their leadership was apparently giving up on COLA, when they got another letter. This one was from the Treasury Board to announce that not even the conciliation report terms were acceptable.

The clerks began their wildcat strikes and, caught between the Treasury Board and its own rank and file, the alliance brass dithered over constitutional procedure. Then the Treasury Board, in another breathtaking sleight of heavy hand, cut off dues' checkoff. As a scare tactic, it backfired. The union leadership waived procedures and set a strike vote in motion. The conciliation report was out the window and COLA was back in.

Strike vote results will be known this week. If the members prove to be as angry as they seem, and if further negotiations fail, the Public Service Alliance of Canada could pull its clerks out on their first-ever strike next Monday. Manion, still slightly dazed by what she helped create, says she will "take the members' wishes to the table and bargain in good faith." She may find herself facing a member of the family. The secretary of the Treasury Board, Jack Manion, is a distant cousin. Says she: "We're a good family and we're nice people. But sometimes you end up on opposite sides of the fence."

Elizabeth Gray



CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

Dogfight above Falaise gap in Normandy: how the few became a flood

A flypast for 'The Few'

It was the nerviest bit of derring-do since young Billy Bishop in his Nieuport fighter plane tangled with the Red Baron, Manfred Freiherr von Richthofen, and his flying circus in the First World War. Now it was December, 1939, and the Cold War was barely warming up when the Canadian cabinet signed a contract with Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand to train fliers for another go-round with the German Air Force. The peace-starved Royal Canadian Air Force could muster only 3,100 airmen of all ranks, 270 largely obsolete aircraft and 19 war-worthy Hurricane fighters on a handful of hand-me-down airfields. Yet Canada was committing itself to mount and operate a Commonwealth Air Training Plan which, over the next five years, would turn out 130,553 pilots, navigators and air gunners on a hundred airstrips hacked out of bush and prairie from Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island.

And that, in no small measure, was how the war in the air was won, as a new generation of Canadians was reminded last week when 4,000 ex-airmen and their wives gathered for the third Commonwealth Wartime Airerew Reunion in Winnipeg's Convention Centre. Other reunions were held across the country—at the Canadian Forces Base, Downsview, Ont., 1,000 veterans gathered for a nostalgic air show followed by a concert of Second World War songs and Glenn Miller music—and the focus at each was to mark the 40th anniversary of the Battle of Britain. Hitler had to cancel his planned invasion of England when, in the Nazis' first major defeat, 2,790 German planes failed to smash Britain into submission during massive bombing attacks throughout the long summer of 1940. Only the RCAF's First Fighter Squadron reached England in time to help "The Few" (the RAF had but 620 fighters) give the Luftwaffe its first comeuppance, but it was soon being followed by the Canada-trained flood of aircrew who subsequently carried the air war to Germany.

The massive Winnipeg reunion brought more than 200 from Britain alone, and the guest list was a Who's Who of the Men in Blue. Among them were Group Captain Sir Douglas Bader, the legless pilot who commanded the Canadian 242 Squadron and led them to 67 confirmed kills. Bader, now 70 but still with a boyish grin, spent three years as a prisoner of war, trying to escape so often that the Germans finally carted off his tin legs. Other VIPs included Air Chief Marshal Sir David Evans, Canadian-born vice-chief of the Royal Air Force, who made post-war headlines by accepting a knighthood in defiance of Canadian government policy, Air Vice-Marshal Johnny Johnson, the RAF's top-scoring ace who ended up commanding a Canadian fighter wing in France, and Group Captain James Tait, who led a daylight bomber attack on the Kembs dam as well as destroying the German battleship Tirpitz. Also present was 87-year-old Major Donald MacLaren, who now lives in Vancouver and who scored 54 aerial victories in the First World War. "He outlasted me at a party last night," confessed an admiring Jack Johnstone, reunion chairman, as he nursed a case of what he called "the 26-ounce flu." Johnstone says the Winnipeg event may be the last big reunion. "The older ones are in their 70s and 80s. You can't go on forever."

It was a time for backslapping and handshakes as memories slipped back 40 years to days of youth, virility, vigor and valor. In all, 491 different service units were represented, including 331 RAF squadrons, 83 from Canada, five from South Africa, 22 from Australia and 20 from New Zealand. Even the opposition came—in the person of *Generalleutnant* Adolf Galland, commander-in-chief of the German fighter force who was dismissed in January, 1945, because of differences with Hitler and Goering. When Goering once asked what Germany needed to help its war effort, Galland is reported to have replied: "A squadron of Spitfires." A great admirer of Bader, Galland sent a limousine to pick him up and take him for dinner when the Englishman was shot down in France. Two days later, Bader tried to escape from his hospital and Galland was reprimanded for having taken him from it and thus familiarizing him with the area of his escape route.



HAGGERTY: WINNIPEG FREE PRESS

RAF's Bader and Luftwaffe's Galland: Goering could have used some Spitfires



CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

Pilot briefing before 'an op': comeuppance

To mark last week's nostalgic reunion, Winnipeg Mayor Bill Norrie renamed St. Mary's Avenue Battle of Britain Boulevard for the duration. The Winnipeg Symphony gave a gala concert, *Tribute to the Few*, including a reading from some of Winston Churchill's stirring wartime words by his daughter, actress Lady Sarah Churchill. But the solemn highlight for most came Sunday morning when more than 2,000 marched to the Winnipeg Cenotaph to observe a two-minute silence and a flypast of Second World War planes. Appropriately, the service was led by Padre Dan Noonan of Winnipeg, himself a former Spitfire pilot and holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Peter Carlyle-Gordge

Springtime for Hitler

There were tennis courts, a pool hall, paroles for their holidays and the fences were as much to keep the bears out as the men in. All in all, German prisoners of war who whiled away the early 1940s at Kananaskis, Alta., were treated much like Nordic Hogan's Heroes, according to 35 ex-Luftwaffe and Afrika Korps officers who dropped by last week to reminisce about the adventures they and hundreds of their colleagues had enjoyed. "We loved that area," said former Luftwaffe lieutenant Richard Achenbach, 64, now the West German consul general for the Prairie provinces in Edmonton. "We were well treated. We were all repatriated in good mental and physical health. Not many countries did that. Many countries you didn't come back from." He remembers reading *The Calgary Herald* every day and taking a correspondence course in economics from the University of Saskatchewan, courtesy of the YMCA.

Little more than an officers' barracks remain at the former POW camp, now the Kananaskis Centre for Environmental Research. One other remnant for the tourists to gawk at was 93-year-old Syd Hughes, a former camp guard who recalled that the captives did cause trouble now and then. "That was their duty. They had to embarrass the enemy whenever they could." But it was all bygones bygone as Hughes and his former charges chuckled over old times and slapped each other on the back. Retired Luftwaffe Col. Erich Kunsl was showing off a coil of barbed wire he had found earlier on the five-camp Canadian tour at Gravenhurst, Ont. "We're taking it home to auction off at a reunion," he crowed, "as *genuine* Gravenhurst wire." Oh what a lovely war.



RANKIN/CALGARY HERALD

Former Nazi officer Banno Brandt, wife and ex-guard Hughes: trouble was a duty

New Brunswick

A little hardball before the Games



Ever since Gov Thomas Carleton transferred the territorial capital from Saint John, on the Bay of Fundy, 100 km inland to Fredericton during the 1790s, the two New Brunswick cities have been intense rivals. Carleton's rationale was that Saint John was too vulnerable to attack from the sea, but the merchants and traders of the port city long suspected the real reason was that the supercilious governor preferred the company of his old comrades-of war who were living comfortably up-country as gentlemen farmers. The bitterness left by that far-off decision has never faded completely and its latest manifestation is a bidding war, mini-Olympics style, between the two cities to host the quadrennial Canada Summer Games.

As well as fostering grassroots mass participation among Canadian amateur athletes in several sports, the Games leaven the communities in which they are held with a legacy of spiffy new athletic facilities. For that reason they are regarded as quite a plum—especially by cities where existing sports facilities are less than adequate. Making his city's case for landing the 1985 Games, the next to be awarded (1981's have already been given to Thunder Bay, Ont.), retired Saint John businessman and local Games Committee Chairman Ev Trites declares "Show me another city in Canada with a population of more than 100,000 that has fewer facilities than we have."

Saint John, however, soon heard footsteps when Fredericton jogged into the competition. Despite its late start, the provincial capital now is running hard and spending about $40,000 just to present its case. Like Saint John, Fredericton proposes to upgrade existing facilities and to build a new Olympic-sized swimming pool and a track-and-field complex. Noting that federal, provincial and municipal governments each will contribute $1.8 million to the capital cost, Fredericton's organizer and lawyer, David Clark, says "It's an opportunity to get Cadillac facilities at Volkswagen prices." As well, the winning community will gain 60 hours of national television exposure and attract thousands of athletes and visitors for the two weeks of the Games in August, 1985. Clark estimates the direct spin-off to the city at $20 million.

Much of the fighting has, in fact, been away from public view. Its most frequent form has been in lobbying sports-governing bodies and buttonholing every politician in sight. Saint John is considered to have scored a coup in landing a visit in early October by federal Sports Minister Gerald Regan, albeit in his capacity as labor minister. But the Fredericton committee has been busy, too, travelling the province to rally support.

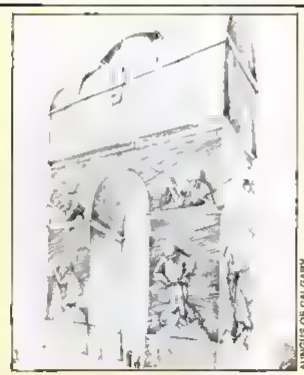
An unexpected—and unfortunate—note was injected into the competition earlier this month when a French-speaking provincial minister from northern New Brunswick, Jean-Maurice Simard, said Saint John should get the Games because it has a better relationship with the francophones. The big moment, however, won't come until mid-October when the national Canada Games Site Selection Committee visits the two cities to hear their respective plans. Then, the victor in this pre-Games event, the pitch and plug, will be announced before Christmas.

David Folster

Cowpats and cowboy hats

Two new and gargantuan pieces of sculpture by the internationally renowned sculptor Sorel Etrog are being unveiled in Calgary's Bow Valley Square office complex this week and will contribute much the pundits say to the city's growing cosmopolitan air. Several blocks away from the Etrog works in a seedy east Calgary walk-up there's another collection of art on view which makes a quite different contribution to a less cosmopolitan view of the city. Entries in the monuments competition at the Off Centre Centre glorify tongue in cheek the city Calgarians have to live with daily. As the competing artists see it the perfect monument to Calgary would combine armies of construction crews, miles of ripped up streets swimming pool-sized potholes and money to burn piggy banked in a take-off of a grain elevator.

The competition to collect proposals for monuments was funded by the city's commission to celebrate Alberta's 75th anniversary and it awarded $1 000 to the best entry—*Monument to the Unknown Construction Worker*. Calgary artist Dave More envisions in a drawing a heroic 48-metre high pink marble arch topped by a stainless steel lunch bucket lit by *The Eternal Bic*. Saskatchewan ceramist Joe Fafard, contest judge, thought it visually clever and highly appropriate given the city's construction chaos. More estimates his arch could be built for the price of the province's heritage trust fund ($6.4 billion) but the second place winners Edmontonians Tommie Gallie and Bob Iveson have other plans for the money. They reproduced the 75th anniversary logo in wood, turned it upside down and created a money elevator big enough to hold all of it.


AUNGUS OF CALGARY

Spirit of Calgary' flipped its Bic

Walter May, curator of the artist-run gallery, conceived the competition as an opportunity for people to have their say about the anniversary celebration. His own entry was an obelisk as high as the stack of paperwork required to process all the anniversary projects something to balance the Calgary Tower on the skyline. "Not many very contemporary sculptors are concerned with monuments in the same fashion people were during and before the last war," he notes. "The 75th offered a good subject and Calgary did too because it hasn't had many monuments built lately."

The city is not likely to see any of those built either. Mayor Ross Alger, for instance, would hardly stand still to have his naked body tattooed with ROAD CLOSED NO EXIT and HARD HAT AREA signs. The mayor, in fact, ignored an invitation to the show's opening, but Calgarians who would not normally venture into an avant-garde art gallery have been dropping by to smile wryly over colossal cowpats and cowboy hats, jackhammers, shovels and electronic readouts of the current per-barrel price of oil.

Suzanne Zwarun

Toronto

A deadly 'complex set of factors'

The sad story of Lillian Hess's death actually started a number of years ago. For some time the 79-year-old spinster had demonstrated signs of failure that come with age. She was lucid, then not so, she had lost control of her bladder and her bowels, she lived in suspicion and fear. She suspected that there were those who would steal her money (she left a $140,000 estate) and she feared doctors because she was a Christian Scientist.

It was last November that, finally, a doctor was called to her home in the Beaches area of Toronto's east end, close to the shores of Lake Ontario. Dr. Peter Cranston, a well-known physician in the area, recalls. "I was aghast. She was underweight, dehydrated, filthy dirty. She was lying motionless on a bed or sofa and resisted my efforts to examine her by pushing away and crying out. I was unable to communicate with her."

Six weeks later she died in hospital. The event would have gone unnoticed, perhaps, except that the *Toronto Star* discovered that Tom Wardle Jr., a 31-year-old alderman for the Beaches ward, was the sole executor and trustee of her estate and that she had bequeathed $35,000 to him. As a result, an inquest was called into her death (*Maclean's*, July 21) and last week, after 29 gruelling days of testimony, charges and countercharges, it ended.

The conclusion was predictable. Lillian Hess, the jury found, died of "renal failure with severe malnutrition, dehydration and perhaps senile dementia and urinary disease of long standing." Or, in other words, neglected old age. But the jury also found that she died because of "a complex set of factors which were partly natural, partly of her own making and partly the result of actions by others."


TORONTO SUN


TORONTO SUN

Hess (top), Wardle and Walsh: the jury found death due to neglected old age

Testimony—much of it argumentative, even to the point where witnesses were calling each other liars—revealed that Wardle and Vincent Walsh, a 70-year-old retired antique dealer who lived with Hess for the last 13 months of her life, were central characters in her life at the end. Walsh was unable to care properly for her and said he could not free some of her funds to make her life easier. Wardle, apart from being the sole executor and trustee of her estate, was also a dual signatory to her safety-deposit box, which contained $73,500 in term deposits.

At one point last year, Walsh and Hess were so desperate for money that they sought help from lawyer David Smith, the Liberal MP for Don Valley East. Smith said the couple told him that Hess's savings account was overdrawn and she had been unable to cash her weekly allowance cheques of $60. Smith said he called Wardle and suggested that Wardle free some of Hess's assets, but Wardle "said that he would not agree to her capital being touched in any way and I certainly took that to mean that he would not agree to having the funds in the safety-deposit box removed. My opinion was that Mr. Wardle would not co-operate at all."

It appeared at times that the inquest was out of control, that it was more of a trial than an inquiry into the death of Lillian Hess. In fact, Coroner Peter King warned the jury that it would be discharged if it accused anyone of criminal responsibility. It didn't—but it came close when it alluded to her death as being "partly the result of actions by others."



Among the 14 recommendations the jury made, one was that Ontario consider the expansion of the role of public trustee or the establishment of an ombudsman for the old. In terms of financial concerns the jury recommended. "In situations where use of dual signature is desirable, we suggest a system involving the principal signatory together with one of two designated individuals. In certain instances, a representative of the public trustee might be one of the latter individuals."

It was an arduous inquest, long and bitter, and one that might have political implications for Wardle in the coming municipal elections, even though he continually and firmly denied that he was in any way responsible for Lillian Hess. Perhaps the most important summing up was made by another coroner, Dr. Margaret Milton, who attended the inquest one day last week. "I think so many people bury their heads in the sand about the care of the elderly. I think this inquest has made people aware of how crucial the issue is today."

Warren Gerard



The "Templeton Tilt" could be a misnomer for a listing church or a new wave dance, but instead it's just the angle of a writing desk. Five years ago, a few degrees up began to appeal to Regina-born novelist **Charles Templeton** because of the backache involved in flat-out writing. "When stenographers and novelists sit at a typewriter from 10 to 12 hours a day, backache is a problem, so I devised a way to angle my typewriter, thus taking the pressure off my neck and shoulders," explains Templeton, whose third novel, *The Third Temptation*, was typed entirely at about a 30-degree slant. The idea of alleviating mid-shoulder-blade cramp by changing the avenue of keyboard attack is not new, however. **Ernest Hemingway** was known to stand over his machine for the same reason. From a seated vantage, Templeton has applied for a patent for his prototypewriter stand.



Templeton (top), Chamberlain: samurai of the Toronto Islands missed 'Shōgun'

Probably the only television addict *not* watching *Shōgun* last week was the 12-hour epic's star, **Richard Chamberlain**. Night shooting on the thriller *Bells* kept Chamberlain before the cameras and away from the boob tube. Film commitments also kept the swashbuckler-turned-samurai from actively lending his sword to his new cause — supporting the residents of the Toronto Islands, who are battling city hall in an attempt to keep their homes from being turned into more parkland. "There is an issue of individual rights at stake," he says, calling Metro council's move to evict the residents a "piddly ego-trip." Why would Chamberlain, 45, want to join the islanders' fight? "I talked to a few of the people who lived there, and I felt an instant friendliness toward them. I have a fantasy of taking 1982 off and moving there."

Pierre Elliott Trudeau's former press aide **Suzanne Perry** has never had a problem turning heads in Ottawa, and now that she has decided on a career in television news reporting with the Global Television Network she is showing an ability to raise eyebrows as well. First there was the announcement last month that topless pictures of Perry had appeared in a New York paper. Then, last week, eyebrows began to fandango when Perry's on-air partner, **Gord Martineau**, resigned his seat at her side after only two weeks. The harpies speculate that Martineau was simply fed up with Perry fumbling her fledgling attempts at reporting and newsreading, while others noted that director and Martineau-business-partner **Paul Osborn** quit the same day, indicating a certain dissatisfaction with the management of the news team. Osborn may be able to quit, but Martineau has a problem—namely a two-year contract at a rumored annual salary of $100,000.

A haggard-looking **Aislin** peers out from the pages of his latest collection of cartoons, *Did the Earth Move?*, with a shotgun in hand and a pack of cats cowering at his feet. The award-winning cartoonist, who shares his 80-year-old Montreal home with eight cats and who is also known as **Terry Mosher** (Aislin is actually his eldest daughter's name), drew that one when city fathers suggested limiting the number of pets residents could keep. "I don't like to be that indulgent," he says, "but those were my cats they were after."

Mosher indulging in the defence of cats



COURTESY OF MCCLELLAND & STEWART

After years of modelling, Vienna-born **Sybil Danning** turned her talents to film. Since then she has portrayed a German terrorist in *Operation Thunderbolt*, the pregnant and beaten wife of **Ernest Borgnine** in *Crossed Swords* and a Valkyrie-like female warrior in the current sci-fi offering *Battle Beyond the Stars*. "I've never done a science-fiction film before and I had a lot of fun, especially because this one is so funny. It's like *The Magnificent Seven Go to Outer Space*." Danning's next role is a Polish secret agent in *The Salamander*, based on **Morris West**'s best-selling novel. Fluent in four languages, a gourmet cook and a mean chess player, Danning also skis, swims, plays tennis and horseback rides—just your average girl-next-door, who happens to own the house **Howard Hughes** donated to **Jean Harlow**'s cause.



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Camp (top) and Danning: a touch of science fiction from the girl-next-door

In their Ottawa heyday, **Otto Lang** and his wife, **Adnan**, were noted for many things, including some rather hefty government airline bills. Now the former minister responsible for everything from transportation to wheat is executive vice-president of Pioneer Grain Co. Ltd. in Winnipeg, and the aviation connection remains. Adrian Lang was recently elected a director of the Aviation Council of Manitoba, a group dedicated to making Winnipeg the aerospace capital of Canada. A council spokesman has admitted that Lang herself has no aviation expertise, but her Ottawa contacts might prove useful in freeing some money needed to stage a high-flying $500,000 trade fair in 1982 or 1983. Ottawa would be asked to chip in half. Asked about her financial string-pulling powers, an embarrassed Lang said she wants only to enhance Winnipeg's aerospace dreams. "I don't know who made up this story about me helping get federal grants," Lang said. "I'd just as well have no publicity—but make sure you spell my name right."

"I find skiing downhill a lot easier," says Canadian ski champ **Ken Read** of the time he has logged in front of the cameras this year for the feature-length documentary *Out on the Edge*, which follows the top placers in the 1979-80 World Cup downhill events. But even film commitments haven't stopped the Calgary native from keeping up his rigorous training, part of which includes spinning around the block on his unicycle. "It took me awhile to get my balance," confesses the crazy Canuck. "I was so wobbly at first that I had to use my ski poles."

It was **John Diefenbaker**'s birth date, but the celebrated guest was newspaper columnist and Tory party strategist **Dalton Camp**, who turned 60 two weeks ago. About 80 black-tied men paid $50 each for Cornish hen at Toronto's Albany Club, site of Camp's first call for a leadership review in 1965. Among the attendees: *Toronto Sun* Publisher **Doug Creighton** and *Edmonton Journal* Editor-in-Chief **Andrew Snaddon**, Iron Ora Co. President **Brian Mulroney**; Senators **Nata Nurgitz**, **Heath Macquarrie** and **Lowell Murray**; and former Newfoundland premier **Frank Moores**. The most emotional testimonial of the evening came from former federal leader **Robert Stanfield**, whose leg is still in a cast from a summer boating accident. He praised Camp for having the courage to take bold positions in politics, as well as in print. Admitted Camp: "I have been Bob Stanfield's cross to bear."



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S © UNICYCLE COURTESY OF BLOOR CYCLE, TORONTO

Read: unicycling without benefit of poles

Trout fishermen in America have been wondering for some time how it is that **President Jimmy Carter** manages to catch so many fish every time he goes fly-fishing, but now the secret is out. It seems Carter casts his fly into a privately owned stream near Leetown, W. Va., where he has been able to snare as many as five trout in four hours. **David McDaniel**, assistant director of the National Fisheries Center, explained exactly what happens. "We always dribble a few more fish than usual before the president's visits. Because the stream is located below our trout-breeding facility, there are some fish in it that escape from the centre. And there is also some extra breeding stock added just prior to the president's visit."

Edited by Marsha Boulton

The Big Steel

By Anthony Whittingham



Pouring steel at Nanticoka, below, from left, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, Stelco President J. D. Allan, Gordon, Ontario Premier William Davis: a rare bright spot



It was like a rollcall, a corporate Who's Who, as last week leading Canadian chief executives gathered together under a striped marquee, sipping drinks, to honor a success within their own fraternity. This was Peter Gordon's day, and no one who was there on that little patch of green lawn, shadowed by giant industrial buildings in the distance, begrudged the chairman of the Steel Company of Canada Limited his hour of glory. The chairmen of Inco, CN, Sun Life Assurance and the Toronto-Dominion Bank were there. So was the premier of Ontario and the prime minister of Canada. The official opening of Stelco's Nanticoke plant on Lake Erie, the first fully integrated greenfield steel mill anywhere in North America in nearly a decade, built by a company fully owned by Canadians, was clearly an event not to be passed over lightly.

Yet there was something else that made the event all the more special—and it was not to be found in the Lake Erie perch mousse catered by Toronto's Winston's restaurant, nor in the sheer size of Nanticoke's 28-storey refinery, constructed in part from steel purchased, ironically, from one of Stelco's chief competitors. Five days earlier, in a heavily industrialized corner of New Jersey within sight of New York's Statue of Liberty, U.S. President Jimmy Carter presided at the opening ceremonies of another Canadian-owned steel mill—Raritan River Steel Company, newest steel mill in the U.S. The mill is a 100-per-cent subsidiary of Co-Steel International Limited, a little-known multinational steel company privately owned by a small group of Canadians based in Whitby, Ont., about 50 km east of Toronto.

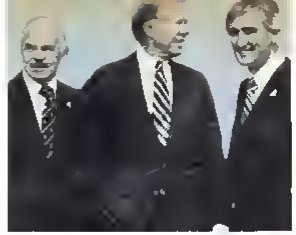
At a time when most sectors of the North American and world economies are struggling to shake off the torpor of recession—and still months from recovery—the performance of the Canadian steel industry is cited time and time again by analysts and economists as a rare bright spot. Not that the Canadian industry itself is immune from recession, for production slowdowns are plaguing Canadian steelmakers too. But compared to the giant steel industries of Europe, Japan and the U.S., Canadian companies continue, as they have for more than a decade, to record higher productivity and profitability.

"Steel is a dynamic game," says Donald Barnett, vice-president of the Washington-based American Iron and Steel Institute, "and Canadians are running faster than anyone else in the competition. They're widely admired here and in the industry around the world." What some are now asking is whether the key Canadian companies—especially Stelco—are sitting ducks as take-over candidates, rumors fuelled by heavy trading in Canadian steel stocks. "Of course we wonder about this," says Gordon. "But we'd be hard to swallow. Most of the cash we throw off is needed for reinvestment."

Attractive as the leading Canadian steel companies may be, total Canadian steel output is relatively insignificant in the world. Stelco, for example, the country's largest producer and itself almost twice the size of the nearest competitor, produces less than one-fifth as much steel as U.S. Steel Corp., largest steelmaker in the U.S. In fact, *total* Canadian steel production last year, about 17 million tons, is less than half the output of U.S. Steel alone, and roughly equals the production of two smaller companies, Bethlehem Steel Corp., second-largest U.S. giant, and Britain's state-owned steel behemoth, British Steel Ltd. Size, however, does not necessarily indicate corporate strength. U.S. Steel, for example, reported losses of $562 million in its fourth quarter, the largest quarterly loss in U.S. corporate history; Bethlehem has barely climbed back to profitability after heavy losses the year before. British Steel earlier this year was reporting unbelievable losses of £1 million per week. While these figures cocked the industry worldwide, Canadian steelmakers recorded handsome profits in 1979 and, with only a slight dip, are expected to do the same this year.

Stelco's Gordon, considered the dean of Canadian steelmakers, says the Canadian success formula has two main ingredients: capacity utilization and reinvestment. Though the country has 11 separate steel companies, nearly 80 per cent of the market is dominated by Canada's "Big Three"—Stelco, with its head office in Toronto and plants across the country, Dominion Foundries & Steel Ltd. (Dofasco), based in Hamilton, Ont., and Algoma Steel Corp. of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Between them, the Big Three and the eight other smaller companies (located in every province except New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland) supply just under 90 per cent of Canada's steel demand.

"The fact that Canadian companies have tailored production to keep pace with domestic demand rather than chasing volatile international markets has also been a key to profitability," adds Dofasco Executive Vice-President John Sheppard. Still, about 10 per cent of production is exported, making Canada a net exporter of steel—keeping Canada's mills working at close to 90-per-cent capacity—leagues ahead of steel producers elsewhere in the world. That capacity, combined with the reinvestment in a new plant and equipment (such as Stelco's $800-million Nanticoke plant) at the forefront of technological efficiency, has kept the Canadian industry "far ahead of the rest of the pack," says a Canadian government official.



From left, Co-Steel Prasidani Hafternan, Carter, Raritan Prasidant Bill Shields at New Jersey opaning catered parch mousse

Not to be overlooked, adds Barnett of the American Steel Institute, is the "enlightened" taxation approach adopted by the Canadian government allowing manufacturers, including steelmakers, a faster recovery time in writing off assets, thus allowing plant and machinery to be replaced sooner. Barnett also says Canada enjoys "a generally more receptive and co-operative understanding by government about the key role of steel within the economy" than in the U.S.

Some critics charge the Canadian government with being *too* lenient with the steel industry by allowing three companies to dominate the industry. The Big Three have voluntarily assumed different product specialties. Yet an official government inquiry has determined that, under Canadian law, the steel companies are not operating anything approaching an illegal cartel. As for government aid, the only direct impact seems to come through public works projects, or through other projects requiring government approval. There's little doubt that Trudeau's reception at last week's Nanticoke opening would have been considerably

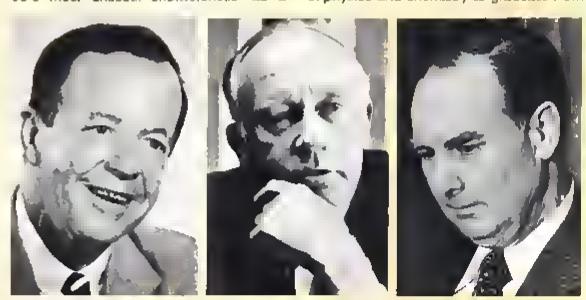
Knowing a man by his metal

Neighboring companies Stelco and Dofasco share the same satanic skyline ringing Burlington Bay, the fire-breathing crucible of central Ontario's golden horseshoe. Yet their *style* of operations is as different as the diminutive silhouette of Stelco's Peter Gordon is from the lumbering profile of Dofasco's President Frank Sherman. Genial, trim, efficient and professional, Gordon, 59, personifies the pace-setting company he heads. "Stelco," says one Canadian steel analyst, "is the most management-oriented of the Big Three. It was formed by the amalgamation of a number of smaller companies and has never really had a single controlling shareholder. Even Stelco's head office, high up in a Toronto office tower and decorated with modern art, removed from the soil and smut of its far-flung operations, sets the tone of an operation more inclined to consider itself a world-class company than a folksy producer of primary materials. Stelco's product line, too, embracing almost every aspect of steel from corrugated sheet to nuts and bolts, means "we have to keep our wits about us," as Gordon says.

Quite a different man is Frank Sherman, 63, whose tall, loping figure, forever sporting a characteristic bow tie, is as familiar around the sprawling Dofasco mill site as the two other Shermans, uncle and father, who occupied the Dofasco president's chair before him. "It may be an overused phrase," says Dofasco Executive Vice-President John Sheppard, "but we've always thought of ourselves somewhat as a family. And it's typical that Sheppard should make the comment as Sherman, though very much a hands-on president, is a shy man who stays more in the background, seldom talking to the press. Sherman prefers to run Dofasco as a triumvirate, sharing responsibility with Sheppard and fellow Vice-President Ross Craig.

Just over half the size of Stelco, Dofasco produces a more restricted product line, specializing in rolled steel used primarily in automobiles and consumer durables—making it the most vulnerable among the Big Three in the current recession. Dofasco's most unusual characteristic, as a large manufacturer, is that it is nonunionized—a status maintained by a paternalistic management approach which includes a generous employee profit-sharing plan.

Third among Canada's steelmakers and for a number of reasons in a class by itself is Algoma Steel Corp. With giant milling operations at Sault Ste. Marie, halfway up Ontario's Great Lakes, the company is removed from steelmaker's row—a geographical separation in part responsible for Algoma's decision to concentrate on rail and structural steel manufacturing rather than consumer products. With a corporate history more erratic than the others—going from near bankruptcy between the wars through ironfisted reorganization under Sir James Dunn, then majority German ownership—Algoma, six years ago became a 55-per-cent Canadian Pacific subsidiary, making it today the only one of the Big Three with a single controlling shareholder. Algoma's well-liked president is "Dr. John"—John Macnamara, 55, one of the first PhDs in physics and chemistry to graduate from Hamilton's McMaster University. "Macnamara plus CP efficiency are whipping that company into shape," says one analyst.



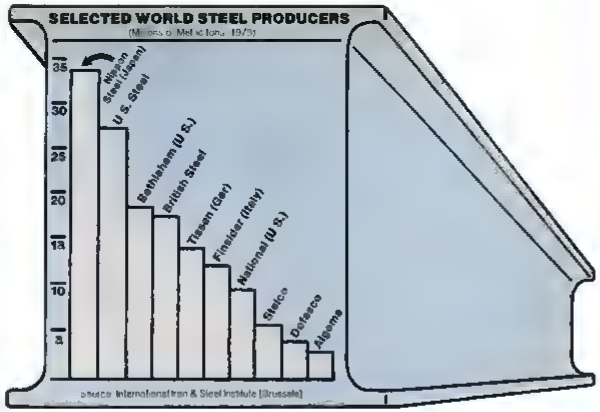
From left, Gordon, Sherman, Macnamara, satanic skyline, fire-breathing crucible

What all three chief executives have in common is that they have spent their professional careers at their respective companies working their way up the ranks. "I'll say one thing about them," says Don Barnett of the American Iron and Steel Institute in Washington. "Any one of them would be welcome down here. Trouble is, Canada can't spare them." A.W.

less jovial if the Liberal government had failed last summer to ram through approval of the Alaska pipeline prebuild, a boon of at least $19 million to Stelco's pipe-making operation.

Not everything in the Canadian steel industry is rosy. East of Ontario, Sidbec-Dosco Ltd in Montreal and Sydney Steel Corp (Sysco) in Sydney, N.S.—the two government-owned and -operated steel companies—are losing money. Both companies were inherited by provincial authorities as British-owned Hawker Siddeley Canada Ltd. began its hasty withdrawal from Canadian steel operations in the 1960s. Sidbec's current losses are attributed to unprofitable mining operations, though undoubtedly its attempt to blanket the market with too many products is another cause. Sysco, on the other hand, is saddled with outdated equipment and is too far from markets. Former Sysco president Ernest Alderton once said bluntly, "There is no possibility that Sysco can ever break even."

At the same time, among several of Canada's smaller companies, the very opposite is true. At the other extreme—and even more profitable and successful than the Big Three—are Ivaco Ltd. of L'Orignal, near Ottawa, Ont., founded and largely controlled by the Ivanier family of Montreal, and Co-Steel International Ltd. of Whitby, Ont., founded and privately owned by Edmonton-born Gerald Heffernan and a small group of Toronto investors. So successful are



they that both companies have built mini-mills (using scrap) outside Canada. In the case of Co-Steel, not only did the company score a recent coup when President Carter opened its new Raritan River mill, but also its Sheerness Steel subsidiary near London, England, was the only steel mill to remain in operation during last winter's nationwide steel strike in Britain. Co-Steel's two other mills are located in Ontario at Whitby (Lake Ontario Steel Company Ltd.—Lasco) and just outside Dallas in Texas, giving the company a projected steel production of nearly three million tons, or just under Algoma's.

"Over-all, looking across the board, Canadians can be proud of their steel industry," observes Barnett from his Washington vantage point. "Down here, we look upon it as one of your great success stories." The crowd that gathered at Nanticoke last week seemed also to be savoring the welcome change from layoffs, losses and requests for government handouts that have so often characterized the nation's business affairs in recent times. ◇

For the freight of your life

Puffing corporate executives in business suits stood on the tarmac of Abbotsford airport, east of Vancouver, muscling heavy crates of cargo into a DC-8 aircraft. The occasion for the straining of so many little-used sinews was last week's inaugural flight of Swiftair Cargo Limited, Canada's first national all-cargo air carrier. As the carrier's first overnight flight took off for Montreal via Edmonton, Winnipeg and Toronto, Swiftair's 40 employees toasted the new venture with champagne. Eventually, Swiftair hopes to duplicate the huge success enjoyed by all-cargo carriers in the United States. But for the moment, it was enough that the venture had weathered the year-and-a-half battle with major air carriers and government regulators, and was at last off the ground.

The original impetus behind Swiftair came from Stanley Shenkman, a frustrated Toronto freight-forwarder. In his efforts to ship cargo across the country, Shenkman found his freight was frequently bumped in favor of passengers and luggage. Fed up with playing second fiddle, Shenkman thumbed through a national aviation directory and spotted Conair Aviation Ltd., aerial spraying and firefighting specialists with a fleet of DC-6s operating out of the vintage airport at Abbotsford. Shenkman and Conair President Leslie Kerr founded Swiftair in May 1979. They succeeded in obtaining licensing approval from the Canadian Transport Commission in spite of strong opposition from major national and regional carriers such as CP Air and Pacific Western Airlines.

Swiftair executives predict that their two daily flights—one from Abbotsford and the other heading westward from Montreal—will attract new customers to air-cargo traffic because of the overnight service that will mean the executives at least will push paper instead of boxes. **Vic Parsons**



PAUL LITTLE

Swiftair President Kerr: little-used sinews

HOMELIFE
FALL 1980
• COUPLES LEARN TO COOK AT HOME *PLUS:* RECIPES
• GREAT KITCHEN REMAKE
• HOME RENOVATIONS: THE PROFITS AND PERILS
• DRYWALLING FOR DO-IT-YOURSELFERS
•*PLUS:* NEW BUYS
16 PAGE PULL-OUT SUPPLEMENT

The convection oven vs. the microwave. Which is better?

Just about everyone knows the real advantage of a microwave oven. Speed. The microwave will cook up or heat food almost instantly.

But not everyone knows the advantages of a convection oven. Because not everyone even knows what a convection oven is. We'd like to fill you in on the subject. And point out the difference between convection cooking and microwave cooking.

Hot air vs. microwaves. Unlike a microwave, a convection oven cooks by heated air which is circulated by a fan. This heated air surrounds the food, cooks it from all sides and seals in the natural juices. So food comes out beautifully browned on the outside, tender and juicy inside.



Fast food vs. delicious food. Convection ovens have been used by professional chefs and bakeries for years.

Why? Superior results.

For example, a microwave can never beautifully brown a roast (or any meat) like a convection oven.

Or make crispy, golden-brown turkey which never needs basting.

Or bake bread that's crustier.

Or bake cakes that are beautiful, moist, light-textured masterpieces.

Or cook both sides of a steak at the same time.

A convection oven can.

More advantages. We didn't have to cook up. You can bake different food together in a convection oven without worrying about transferring flavours.



You don't have to turn the meat because a fan turns the heat.

You can dehydrate fruits and vegetables.

You don't need special cooking utensils.

You cook at lower temperatures which means there's virtually no splattering. And while convection cooking isn't as fast as microwave, many foods cook in about ¼ less time than your regular oven.

So you can save energy.

The final verdict. So, which is better, the convection oven or a microwave? That depends on your objective. If you wish to cook food fast, a microwave might be your choice.

However, if you wish to cook exceptionally delicious food quickly, then a convection oven would be your choice.

We also believe that another factor will determine which oven you will buy. The cost.

The cost of a convection oven is about half that of a microwave.

Why the Braun Convection Oven is better. No doubt, if you're a smart shopper you will compare the different convection ovens that are on the market.

We invite you to compare the Braun Convection Oven to any other. Simply because it offers you features you'll be hard pressed to find on the others.



The Braun Convection has a large cooking cavity. It can hold a 17 pound turkey.

It is portable. Weighs only 23 pounds.

You can cook on three levels at once. All removable parts are dishwasher safe. The inside surface is Dupont "Vyloc" for continuous self-cleaning.

You can take the door off and rest it on the roof for easy accessibility.

There is a 4-hour timer featuring an automatic shut-off.

It is covered by a 5 year warranty.

See one at better department stores and gourmet shops. That way you can see first-hand why it is better.

BRAUN



HOMELIFE

Canadians are fast discovering what Europeans have known for centuries – food is entertainment, whether the meal is delightfully simple family fare or a stops-out company extravaganza. We're beating, basting and baking with a vengeance and everybody's getting into the act.

Cooking classes have sprung up like spring flowers and there are schools to appeal to every lifestyle and bank book. The most innovative are couples-tailored classes which operate on the premise that people who are going to cook together might as well learn together. We took a look at couples-style instruction and found one delightful twist on the concept. Toronto teacher Jan Main conducts classes at students' homes. Despite the fact that the most famous chefs are often men, Jan finds many men still shy about learning to cook at a school and this easy, comfortable atmosphere is the ideal way to break the ice.

Another breakthrough in the ideas department is the kitchen featured on page 13. It belongs to HOMELIFE art director Michael McKerihan who decided that any kitchen worth its bouquet garni needed a well-organized work area and a surplus of storage.

Knowing exactly what you want from your living space is the key to successful renovating, whether you're redoing your kitchen or the entire house. Mike Macbeth talked to three people who turned their dreams into reality and followed the restoration route to get the homes they wanted at a price they could afford. Mike's advice to would-be renovators: imagination and a little elbow grease go a long way but make sure your dreams won't require mortgaging your soul. Take a look at the neighborhood and invest accordingly – if the area and your savings account can carry it, pull out all the stops.

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COOKING WITH CLASS

Get a group of friends together and hold a cooking class at home

We're witnessing a new emphasis on gracious living in Canada and at its heart is a growing interest in the art of haute cuisine. Cooking classes are bulging, and increasingly, couples are learning to cook together.

Schools range from cosy participation classes to large lectures – lectures cost less but you learn more by doing than by just listening. Jan Main, a Toronto teacher, is offering a new kind of class that's participation plus fun . . . she takes a group of friends through a complete menu and when the cooking's done they can sit down and enjoy the fruits of their labor, all for about the price of a dinner out.

"I'd never thought of salmon as inexpensive... you mean this whole fish only cost $12?"

To keep things informal, Jan will hold the class at the home of students with a kitchen large enough to accommodate 6 'chefs'. She supplies any extra equipment needed to make the meal and shops for the groceries.

Intrigued by Jan's concept, we tagged along with one group to see how things worked.

The students had chosen a menu that would work for a buffet or dinner party. Over cocktails, Jan ran through the recipes and briefed everyone on what was to be done. She told them where she'd done the marketing and passed along shopping tips . . . stuff like how to recognize really fresh fish. The group broke up into pairs, couples splitting so they could each learn something different. Then, sleeves rolled up, recipes and a glass of wine to hand, they set to work.

Our menu for the evening:
Herbed casserole bread
Soup Florentine
Marinated vegetable platter
Poached salmon
Gingered pears

Couple 1 worked on salmon and mayonnaise

- The same green mayonnaise makes a terrific vegetable dip or salad dressing.
- A deep roasting pan can be used in lieu of a fish pan to poach the fish.
- Lay an unfolded J-cloth under the fish in a pan that has no rack, use it as a sling to lift the fish.
- The bouillon can be used to poach any kind of fish. Change the recipe to a bouillon for chicken by leaving out the wine and lemon, substituting thyme for dill.
- Jan suggests trying the fish cold; it's wonderfully moist and absorbs extra flavor from the stock.
- To peel the fish, slit along the underside and use the flat of a thumb to peel skin gently back. Turn fish over carefully and peel other side.
- For a more attractive presentation, trim the tail with scissors.

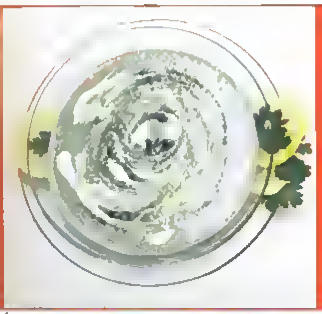
Recipes on page 14

Couple 2 worked on vegetables and pears

- Sweet French dressing is delicious with beets and tossed salads too; the Herbal Vinaigrette recipe could also be used for potatoes, a salad niçoise, even fish.
- Coat cooked vegetables with marinade while they're still hot, they'll absorb more flavor.
- Similarly, marinate the pears while they're warm for better flavor, then refrigerate.
- Vegetables can be prepared well in advance and marinated for a day or two; the longer they marinate, the better the flavor.
- To make orange slivers for the pears, peel the orange with a vegetable peeler, making strips as long as possible. Cut the rind lengthwise into thin strips with a sharp knife. Slivers made this way can be used as a finishing touch to ice cream, salads . . . there are all kinds of possibilities.

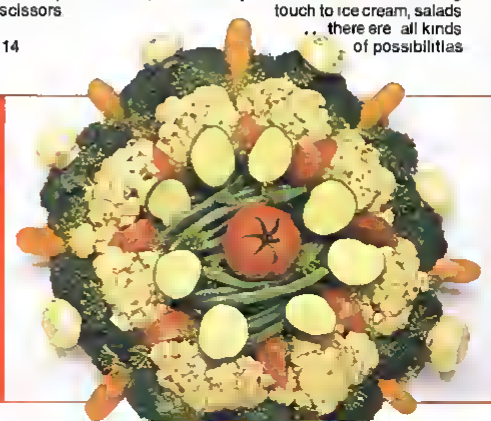
Couple 3 worked on soup and bread

- Anything Florentine is with spinach (Eggs Florentine, for instance). Soup Florentine sounded more glamorous than spinach soup!
- For a buffet the soup can be served cold with a dollop of yogurt – delicious.
- The potato was used in the soup as a thickening agent; it's simpler than making a flour roux. Jan said it's similar to using yogurt instead of mayonnaise in salad dressing if you're counting calories.
- The same soup base could be used for watercress or cucumber soup. Just substitute 2 bunches of watercress or 2 cucumbers for the spinach.
- Quick bread uses baking powder instead of yeast so you don't have to wait for the dough to rise – in fact, the faster it's put together, the better it will taste, so don't worry about making it perfectly.
- Quick bread isn't as moist as yeast bread; it should be eaten the day it's made (and it's fabulous warm).











NEW STUFF



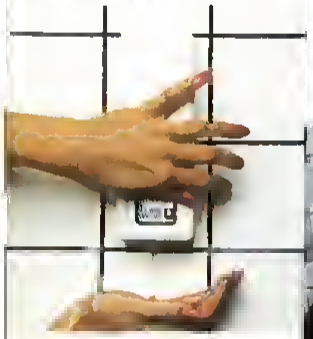
Bauhaus has a new cushion filling that feels and acts like down without the high cost. Called Soffdown, it's made of chipped polyethylene flakes, is non-allergenic.



Folk art, alive with imagination, is enjoying new recognition. This carved and painted goose is a fine example by Robert Comveau of Shawinigan, Quebec. About $150.



Next month Sony introduce the MDR-5A and the MDR7, their most sophisticated ultra-lightweight stereo headphones to date. $69.95 and $99.85.



The Incredible Shower Machine by Village Bath is wall-mounted in the shower, dispenses shampoo or liquid soap at a touch. $20.



Sheet patterns that look like men's shirting ... smart. By Martex in 50/50 cotton/Dacron. Prices start (twin flat) at $24 for Chembray, $19.50 for Harvard Square, $21.50 for New Weave. Coordinates in towels and comforters are available.



Mitsubishi's update on the tangential tracking turntable, the LT-5V stands vertically, saves space. $670.



A new kitchen system from Braun, the Multiquick Tri Set is a compact multi speed blender, processor, slicer/shredder combo. $169.95.



The AMA Milano electric espresso/cappuccino coffee maker is new in Canada. 2 cup size $175; 4 cup $200. Espresso must be sipped from demitasse cups, these by Italia. $10.95.



Latest spinoff from the workforce: artists' stools make comfortable (and adjustable) bar stools. This one with tubular chromed base is available from Letraset dealers. $225.

ZOOM

Clay Brick

more than just a pretty face

Clay Brick's classic beauty is much more than skin deep. There's a very practical side to its character.

Clay Brick saves you money every year because it never needs painting and can't rot, rust, burn, dent or warp. It keeps your home warmer in winter and cooler in summer. No other building product has as many continuing cost-saving benefits.

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THE HOME ENERGY TEST.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE AN ENERGY EFFICIENT HOME Take this checklist with you when you look at a new or older home

By asking a few basic questions you will be able to give it an energy efficiency score and you will know how your heating dollar will be spent for years to come

	Score 15	Score 10	Score 5	Total
1. How much insulation is there in the attic?	R40+ (12")	R28+ (8½")	R12+ (3½")	
2. What kind of windows does the house have?	Triple Glazed	Double Glazed or Single Glazed with Storms	Single Glazed with Partial Storms	
3. How would you judge the caulking and weatherstripping?	No Drafts	Minor Drafts	Noticeable Drafts	
4. How much insulation is in the walls?	R20+	R12+	R7+	
5. Are the basement walls insulated?	R12	R8	Partial	
6. How does the window area compare to the floor area?	10%	15%	20%	
7. Has the furnace been inspected in the last 12 months?	Add 5 points			
8. Does the fireplace have a heat exchanger or glass doors?	Add 5 points for each			
9. Is there an exterior air intake to the fireplace?	Add 5 points			
10. Is there an automatic night set thermostat?	Add 5 points			
11. Are the exterior doors insulated?	Add 3 points			
12. Are there storm doors?	Add 5 points			
13. Has the heating system had an annual efficiency test?	Add 8 points			
14. Is there an exterior air intake to the heat source?	Add 5 points			
15. Is the house vertical in design?	Add 4 points			
16. Are most windows facing south or west?	Add 5 points			
			Total	

HOW DOES THE HOUSE ADD UP? **1.** Scores 140-100 An excellent energy efficient home **2.** Scores 99-50 Adequate Improvements could be made to increase its efficiency **3.** Below 50 Major improvements would have to be made

Now that you've calculated the energy score for the house you can go over individual questions and see where any necessary improvements can be made

If insulation needs to be improved make sure you insulate with FIBERGLAS* Pink Insulation

FIBERGLAS Pink Insulation is one of the best ways you can help control rising heating costs It is non-combustible It won't rot settle or mildew It will keep the heat in and the cold out. And it will save you money

In short. FIBERGLAS Pink Insulation is one of the most inexpensive ways to help you control wasted energy



NOTE. The Home Energy Test is to be used as a guideline to help you purchase an energy efficient home Fiberglas Canada suggests that you seek professional help The Federal Government has instituted a program called ENERSAVE where you can call the Heat Line toll free at 1-800-267 9563 and have your energy questions answered

*FIBERGLAS is the registered trademark of Fiberglas Canada Limited

DON'T BUY A HOME WITHOUT IT.

THE FIBERGLAS CANADA HOME ENERGY TEST.

We designed this checklist to help you buy an energy efficient home

With it, you can examine specific areas of the house and give them efficiency ratings

The total, in turn, will give the house you're considering an energy efficiency score

And house for house you'll be able to make some very practical comparisons

IF YOU DON'T THINK AN ENERGY EFFICIENT HOME IS NECESSARY, YOU COULD LOSE $2300.† IN THE NEXT FIVE YEARS.

Take an average home The cost to heat that home could be around $450 That is, if it's energy efficient If it isn't, you'll pay for it. With insufficient insulation, weather-stripping and window glazing, the heating costs could double

In five years that house could cost you an additional and unnecessary $2300

And that doesn't even include escalating fuel costs

MAKE SURE YOUR DREAM HOME IS A WARM HOME.

The Home Energy Test will let you know exactly how your energy dollar will be spent for years to come

Even if the house scores low in some areas, you will be able to pin-point the changes needed to bring it up to efficient levels

MAKE SURE IT'S INSULATED WITH FIBERGLAS* PINK INSULATION.

If you find out that insulation is a problem, don't worry

It can be one of the easiest problems to solve

The right amount of FIBERGLAS Pink Insulation will keep your new home warm and snug for years

And it's an addition that either you or your builder can make

FIBERGLAS Pink Insulation is non-combustible It won't rot, settle or mildew It will keep the heat in and the cold out. And it will save you money

KNOW THE SCORE NOW BEFORE YOU PAY LATER.

The Home Energy Test is our way to help you make one of the biggest decisions of your life

As energy costs rise we want your investment to be a wise one

We're out to save energy We do it because we all have to FIBERGLAS CANADA

†Based on actual case studies done by The Enersave Advisory Service of Energy Mines and Resources Canada.
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INVESTMENT LIVING

HOME RENOVATIONS . . . FOR PROFIT OR INVESTMENT

By Mike Macbeth

It's not too many years ago that unrenovated Victorian town houses in city centres across the country were considered fit habitation for transients – if you were going to buy, you checked out the suburbs. No more. As suburban house prices skyrocket as costly new homes become smaller and more spartan, made of flimsier materials, as the soaring price of gasoline makes commuting more expensive, canny house-hunters are opting for sturdy, high ceilinged houses downtown. They're looking beyond the flaking paint, peeling wallpaper and antiquated plumbing, recognizing that stained glass windows, marble fireplaces and solid oak bannisters are worth the price of renovating.

Dust for breakfast

HOMELIFE visited three such homeowners and their stories illustrate the joy and the agony, the pitfalls and profits, of renovation.

"I had absolutely no money," says advertising executive Fred Peddle, 31, "but I was determined to own my own home. It was a now or never situation. I'd missed out on some good opportunities before and I realized if I didn't buy then, I'd talk myself into believing I never could." The only way Peddle could afford a house was to buy an income property and he decided on a dilapidated Victorian rooming house in Toronto's Cabbagetown, planning to convert it into two apartments. "It was a disaster! Filthy, with blackened ceilings, rotting plaster and no lights."

The two-storey 1890 semi-detached brick home cost Peddle $52,500. He borrowed $15,000 for the down payment and secured a first mortgage for $32,000, a second for $5,000. Making the upstairs apartment habitable was a priority. "I had enough money to carry the house for six weeks so the apartment had to be renovated and rented by then."

"I'm no carpenter," stresses Peddle. "I had never done anything like this before. But I talked to a lot of people, read books – and measured twice so I only had to cut once." He borrowed $3,000 from his parents and did most of the renovations himself, putting in exhausting 17-hour days. "My first job was to make the apartment livable and lighter. I made no structural changes except to install a proper kitchen." Using a rented steamer and a dull butcher knife, Peddle scraped 14 monotonous layers of wallpaper and paint off the walls and woodwork. He had a plumber repipe the bath room and install an inexpensive new toilet and washbasin, and found a plasterer in the Yellow Pages to repair the crumbling walls and ceiling. "I checked his references by inspecting three jobs he had done to his clients' satisfaction, then hired him for time plus materials." A rented sander restored the natural pine floors, which Peddle then urethaned. The cheapest prefabricated cupboards available and second-hand appliances went into the kitchen, but the clean new walls, painted off-white to give a feeling of space, new electrical light fixtures (from a discount house) and disguised light switches and wallplugs throughout, made the five room apartment look modern, bright and airy, and Peddle had no difficulty finding reliable tenants to pay the $340 a month he needed to carry his $15,000 down-payment loan.

His own apartment was another matter. "I had lots of ideas but no money. I lived in the kitchen for over a year – I could watch TV and open the fridge for snacks between programs without leaving my bed!" Over two years, he knocked six small rooms into one large living/dining area and discovered a fireplace inexplicably in a closet, a beautiful stained glass window behind a masonite wall. He rebuilt his kitchen and installed sliding glass doors to the garden. Today, the house that cost him $73,000, including renovations, is worth $120,000. There were a lot of sacrifices," he admits ruefully. "Living like a starving artist is *not* romantic – it's depressing. But thanks to warnings from friends who had gone through the same experience, I psyched myself up for the trauma." Would he do it again? "There's no question all the work was worth it – my house is a sound investment. And because I made no structural changes upstairs, the house can become a single-family dwelling with very little effort, which is a selling point. However, if I decide to move, I'm more inclined now to move into something smaller and finished and rent the house."

One word of advice – "Learn to like the taste of plaster dust. It gets into everything."

Suburban split

Inconvenience and unexpected expenses are renovation bywords. Take Jack Toker's experience, for instance. The insurance executive considered the heating bills, commuting costs and taxes on his Don Mills home compared to a townhouse three minutes by shoeleather to his Toronto office – and it was no contest. Toker figured he'd save $6,000 and 6,000 commuting minutes per year if he purchased the three-storey, unrenovated house. He sold his suburban home for $180 000 (with $30,000 left on the mortgage) and bought the 1915 townhouse, for $135,000, securing a $60,000 mortgage. So far, the Tokers have spent $75,000 in renovations and aren't finished. But they have virtually a brand-new house, re-wired and re-insulated with new plumbing and heating (gas plus central air conditioning). The house was completely gutted, and Toker paid an unanticipated $4,000 over and above the original estimate when a structural engineer checked the house, and specified that the removal of bearing walls on the second storey would call for a steel beam running the full depth of the house, together with steel supports and basement footings. Another unexpected problem arose when the concrete subfloor for the tiled floors had to be poured to a depth of twelve inches in some areas, due to the sagging of the old house. The additional pressure of one foot of solid concrete required steel supports in the basement to prop up the living room floor.

Toker considers himself blessed that he found a reliable general contractor, who worked on a cost plus basis, since neither party knew what hidden problems might occur. "We were lucky. I've heard disastrous stories about contractors going bankrupt, etc. I'd advise anyone renovating to check out their contractor."

The Tokers moved into the third floor of their unfinished house last October, and, like Fred Peddle, found plaster and dust permeating everything. "But we had the right attitude. We laughed, made jokes, and went out for all our meals." Nevertheless, for five weeks, the Tokers lived with no kitchen, no furniture (they stored everything except their mattresses), and one bathroom for Jack, his wife, Pauline, and two grown children.

And the weather was no help. An October heat wave made third floor living "almost unbearable." There is still an estimated $10,000 to be spent on outside renovations, fencing and garden improvements. "But our investment is a good one," smiles Toker. "We aren't doing these things for resale. This will be our last home, and we're doing them for us."

Fancy fittings pay off

The Tokers are unusual: most people purchase old houses to renovate, increase the value and propel them into another home they couldn't afford otherwise. If that's your plan, consider spending money on the kitchen and bathroom; buyers seem willing to pay for luxury extras in these two rooms. According to Toronto architect Peter Hamilton of Hamilton Kemp, extravagant kitchens are the most popular. Because Victorian houses rarely have garden access from the kitchen, many buyers look for renovations like sliding doors, large windows and greenhouses which make the garden an extension of the house. Where the bathroom's concerned, whirlpools and sunken tubs are worthwhile investments. He admits that renovations on older homes carry a higher price tag than changes to a modest suburban home – $55 to $60 a square foot vs about $45 – but Victorian homes, with higher ceilings, more space and more solid construction, are a sound investment.

Peter Hamilton knows what he's talking about. He bought an old (he says awful) 3,000 square foot duplex in downtown Toronto for $50,000 in 1970. It took nine months and $100,000 to completely renovate the home into a luxury townhouse. "The wiring was a fire hazard, the piping was galvanized and the heating system was an old octopus." In addition to new plumbing, wiring, heating, plastering, lighting and floors, Hamilton employed his architectural skills to improve the home's ambiance. No light came into the north side of the house so Hamilton used glass blocks in the walls to light the rooms (they also provide good insulation). On the west side, a two storey greenhouse allowed light to penetrate in winter.

The master bathroom boasted a sunken bathtub and a free-standing shower, and room was set aside for a future sauna. The kitchen was a gourmet's dream, with every appliance imaginable including garbarator, a concealed Roneon kitchen machine which popped up onto the counter when needed, an island counter, butcher block tops and sliding doors in the cupboards. Hamilton saved about 20%, which is what his architect's fee would have been. He sold the house in 1976 for $250,000, giving him a $100,000 profit. He estimates the house would have been worth $110,000 – a profit of $60,000 – had he done nothing. By renovating, he made an extra $40,000 and lived in a luxurious and elegant setting for six years. His profit enabled him to buy two houses; he rents one and has renovated the other for himself.

There's no question in Hamilton's mind that renovating older houses is a sound investment. "Economists keep telling us to put our money into tangible things; they say 'buy houses and mortgage your future.' When you renovate, you get your money back faster – it's the best thing to do."

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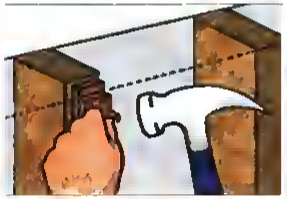
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HOW DO

GETTING THE WALLS UP

You've closed the deal on the Victorian house of your dreams and now the work really starts. The wiring needs to be updated, the plumbing renewed ... and drywalling is a must. By doing it yourself you can save a lot of money, remember, the cost is in the labor. Drywalling handbooks give instructions for work in a new house where it's reasonably straightforward; ceilings are 8 feet high and studs are spaced 16 inches apart. Stand a standard 4x8 sheet of drywall in place, nail it down, and presto, 32 square feet of wall are surfaced in no time.

Drywalling an older house is more complicated, room shapes are often irregular, ceilings are higher. Here's how to do the job professionally.



1. Old studs may have worked out of alignment. Look along the row; if just a couple are set back, shim them forward with a facing of lathing strips.

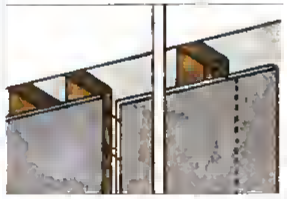


2. If the whole row is badly aligned, face with a strapping of 2x1 laid horizontally across the studs, spaced 24 inches apart. Use shingles as spot shims, slicing as much as you need.

3. In desperate cases and if you can afford to loose 2 inches off your room, build an inner row of studs (metal may be cheaper). Fill the gap with a fibreglass blanket for sound insulation.



4. Ceiling panels must fit snug to the joists – as you work wedge the panel with a couple of T-braces to hold. To make a sturdy T-brace, screw a 1x4 crosspiece onto a 2x4 upright that's 1/2-inch longer than the floor-to-ceiling height. Pad with fabric. Your head makes a useful wedge, too!



5. Measure the distances between wall studs, they should be 16 or 24 inches on center for the joints of the drywall to occur on the studs. Random studs give several choices, usually you trim the panel back to the stud. You *can* extend the width of a stud that's short by only a few inches by nailing a 2x4 to the side of it. If trimming would leave an awkward join, you could insert a filler stud, toe-nailing it top or bottom to the top or sole plate.

6. Work out the most efficient layout of drywall before you start, and remember, the fewer joins, the easier the plastering will be and the better the finished job. In most old houses it's more economical to lay panels at right angles to the stud, i.e., length wise. They're available in 4x8, 4x10, 4x12 and 4x14. Mark wall studs on ceiling and floor while they're still visible.

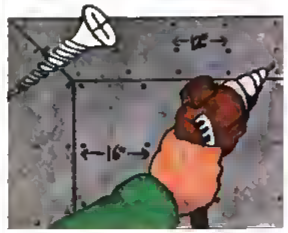
7. A quick note on metal accessories. In addition to the corner bead used to strengthen and neaten corners, you can buy J moldings ... use them where the drywalled surface butts a different surface, at a brick wall or unframed window for example. Drywall resilient channel is useful for reducing sound transmission through walls. It's installed between two layers of drywall or running across studs.



8. Last but not least ... if walls are in reasonably good shape, with just a few holes or covered with several layers of painted wallpaper, don't bother removing all the old plaster or stripping the paper – just put a thin drywall over it. To find the studs for screws, tap along the wall, confirm your find by sawing horizontally with a keyhole saw or hammering in a nail, mark studs with a pencil mark at ceiling and floor. If the wall is level you can use 3/8 drywall, but handle carefully – it's fragile.

HINTS

Stripping wall of old plaster and lath is best left to somebody else ... look for a reputable wrecking company. If you must do it yourself, wear goggles, gloves, a mask and a hard hat and splash lots of water around to keep down the dust.



Forget nails. Use type W drywall screws to pull panels tight to wood framing, eliminate fastener pop. Space screws 12 inches apart on ceilings, 16 inches on walls. Rent an electric screw gun – it has adjustable screw depth control for a clean, uniform depression that's easy to cover with joint compound later.

When you're working on ceilings, use 5 or 6 smooth drywall nails to set the panel in place, finish with screws. Carry tools, nails and screws slung from your belt – you can't reach down for your hammer and hold the ceiling at the same time!

KIM LEW KEE

ZOOM

IDEAS

Here's a smart way to pack plenty of work and storage space into a compact 11 x 15 foot kitchen.

It all centres around a 5 x 8 foot counter island that works on the same principal as the old farmhouse kitchen table ... gathering place as well as a worktop.

Sink and gas cooktop unit are set into the counter. Underneath goes the dishwasher, oven, drawers and cupboards large enough to store the vacuum cleaner, heavy sacks of dogfood, giant size boxes of detergent.

On one side, the counter-top overhangs the storage area, allowing knee room for kitchen company ... or a place to sit with your morning coffee and newspaper fully spread out.

The counter backs onto a free-standing 5 foot dividing wall with access on both sides to and from the formal dining area beyond.

Nonstop storage covers one sidewall (inset), starting with a bank of three floor-to ceiling storage units, each 30 inches wide and 24 inches deep. They're filled with adjustable shelves and fronted with double doors. Separate upper doors hide long term storage. Below goes cereals and canned goods, then tableware (across from dishwasher), finally cookware and kitchen machines.

Inside, upper shelves are 10 inches shallower than lower shelves, so backs of doors can be used for hanging dispensers and racks.

A fridge/freezer unit fills the space between the storage bank and window wall.

Framed pictures help bring a living room atmosphere to the uncluttered grey and white decor. The floor is unglazed 6-inch Albert tiles in dove grey. Halo ceiling spots are directed at cupboards and work area.



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RECIPES FOR COOKING SCHOOL

Want to organize a group cooking class? Phone your local instructors and explain what you're looking for-this is not a standard program. Ask for school recommendations from friends, the Food Editor of your local paper, gourmet shops. Jan Main, from Toronto, charges approximately $125 an evening, that covers instruction and food for four or six people.

Continued from page 5

HERBED CASSEROLE BREAD

1 cup all purpose flour
1 cup whole wheat flour
½ tsp salt
2 tsp baking powder
2 tsp dill seed
¼ cup diced onions
¼ cup melted butter
1½ cups grated cheddar cheese
2 eggs beaten
½ cup milk
½ cup Swiss-style yogurt
¼ cup poppy seeds

Preheat oven to 350°F. Line the bottom of a round 9 inch pan with waxed paper. Combine all dry ingredients including ¾ cup cheese and 2 tbs poppy seeds in a mixing bowl. Sauté onions in butter until transparent. Stir the onions, butter, eggs and milk into dry ingredients. Stir with a fork to mix lightly. Turn into pan. Sprinkle evenly with cheese and poppy seeds. Bake 35-40 minutes. Cut into wedges to serve.

SOUP FLORENTINE

12 oz pack of fresh or frozen spinach
2 medium potatoes, peeled
2 small onions, peeled
grated rind of ½ lemon
3 cups chicken stock
½ cup fresh parsley
1 cup plain Swiss-style yogurt (to serve cold), or 1 cup table cream (to serve hot)
2 tbs finely chopped fresh dill or tarragon
salt and pepper to taste

Combine coarsely chopped vegetables, grated lemon rind, chicken stock, herbs and parsley. Boil about 20 minutes until vegetables are tender. Purée in blender or food processor. Taste and adjust seasonings. If you're serving the soup cold, refrigerate. Stir in yogurt or cream just before serving. Garnish with lemon.

MARINATED VEGETABLE PLATTER

Use your favorite vegetables, keeping in mind a need for color variety. Use 2 or 3 marinades to complement individual vegetable flavors.

To go with our salmon we chose cucumbers, tomatoes, mushrooms, carrots, cauliflower, beans and broccoli.

Sweet French dressing

For mushrooms, carrots and tomatoes

2 tbs brown sugar
½ cup salad oil
¼ cup water
½ cup vinegar
1 clove garlic
1 small onion, peeled
½ tsp salt
¼ tsp each pepper, oregano, basil, paprika, celery salt
4-6 tbs ketchup
½ cup fresh parsley

Combine garlic, onion and herbs in processor. Add remaining ingredients. Taste and adjust seasonings or add your choice of herbs. Slice tomatoes, serve at room temperature sprinkled with dressing. Peel carrots, slice into strips. Steam or cook in very little water until crisp-tender. Coat vegetables with marinade while still hot. Cover and refrigerate.

Wash mushrooms. Cut ends off stems. Coat mushrooms with marinade and simmer covered in a saucepan about 5 minutes. Place in a covered bowl and refrigerate until ready to arrange platter.

Herbal vinaigrette

For cauliflower, beans, and broccoli

1 tsp tarragon
6 tbs wine vinegar
6 tbs oil
1 tsp salt
¼ cup parsley
½ tsp black pepper
1-2 tbs capers
2 tsp Dijon mustard
1 clove garlic

Combine all ingredients in a food processor. Wash and steam vegetables or cook in a small amount of water until just tender. Pour marinade over while hot. Cover and refrigerate.

Cucumber vinaigrette

½ cup each vinegar and water
1 tbs sugar
2 tbs finely chopped fresh dill (1 tsp dried)

Thinly slice 1 English cucumber and sprinkle lightly with salt. Let stand 1 hour. Squeeze out any moisture with hands. Rinse. Squeeze again. Bring marinade ingredients to a boil. Pour over cucumber. Cover and refrigerate.

To arrange a vegetable (or fruit) platter: Use a simple dish. Work in lines or groups of the same vegetable, put pale colors next to bright. Base your design on parallel lines or a fan pattern, or even a circle. As you progress it will be easier to pile vegetables. For inspired artistry, spear solid items (like mushrooms) on toothpicks.

POACHED SALMON

Allow at least ¼ lb salmon per person. If you don't need the whole fish, choose the tail piece – it's the best.

Tip: Get the fishmonger to scale it for you.

You'll need a pan long enough to accommodate the salmon, although it is attractive slightly curved. If the pan doesn't have a rack you'll need a cloth to lift it in and out of the liquid. Rinse fish thoroughly in cold water. Remove head and tail with a sharp knife if desired. Place fish on a J-cloth or rack and lower into pan. Cover with cold water to determine water level and then remove fish. Add court bouillon ingredients.

Basic Court Bouillon ingredients:

1 large onion, stuck with 4 cloves and quartered
2 carrots, coarsely chopped
½ cup fresh parsley
½ cup fresh dill
1 bay leaf
1 tbs sea salt (if available; otherwise use regular salt)
6 whole peppercorns
juice of 1 lemon and rind
1 cup white wine or juice of another lemon

Bring to boil, cover and simmer 15-20 minutes to develop flavor. Lower fish into boiling bouillon. Cover and bring back to boil. Reduce heat to simmer for 15-20 minutes. Remove container from heat and allow fish to stand in liquid. Gently peel off outer skin of salmon, arrange on serving platter, garnish with lemon, fresh parsley and dill. Serve with green mayonnaise.

Green mayonnaise

½ cup salad dressing
½ cup plain Swiss-style yogurt
juice of 1 lemon
1 cup (before chopping) fresh greens – a mix of sorrel or spinach, watercress, fresh dill, chives or green onions, parsley

Combine all ingredients in a processor or chop herbs very finely by hand and mix with remaining ingredients. Cover and chill at least 2 hours to allow flavors to develop.

GINGERED PEARS

1 tin unsweetened pineapple (20 oz) – crushed or tidbits
1 cinnamon stick
1 lemon and/or orange
6 whole cloves
¼ ½ cup finely sliced crystallized ginger
honey or marmalade to sweeten
6 large fresh pears, peeled and cored

In a saucepan bring pineapple, rind slivers, juice of fruit, ginger, cinnamon, cloves and honey or marmalade to boil. Boil 5-10 minutes to allow flavors to combine. Add pear halves, reduce heat to simmer and continue cooking just until pears are tender (5-10 minutes). Remove from heat, cool and refrigerate.

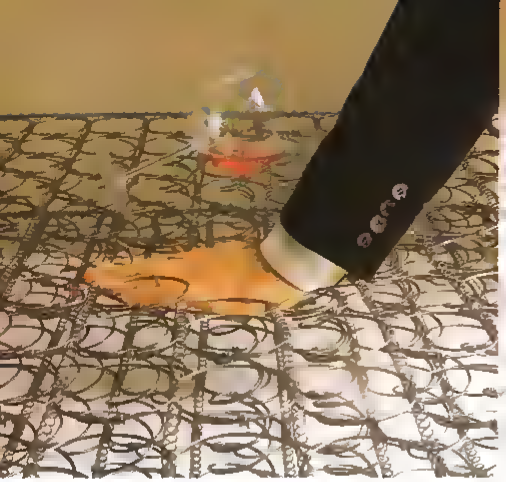
Delicious served with slightly sweetened yogurt or cream cheese mixed with marmalade.

If you can't find fresh pears, use canned. Add pear juice to the syrup mixture. Boil as directed and pour boiling sauce over pears, but don't cook, they'll become mushy, allow to marinate.

Lemon or orange slivers. Peel fruit with a vegetable peeler. Using a cutting board, cut rind with a sharp knife into very thin strips.

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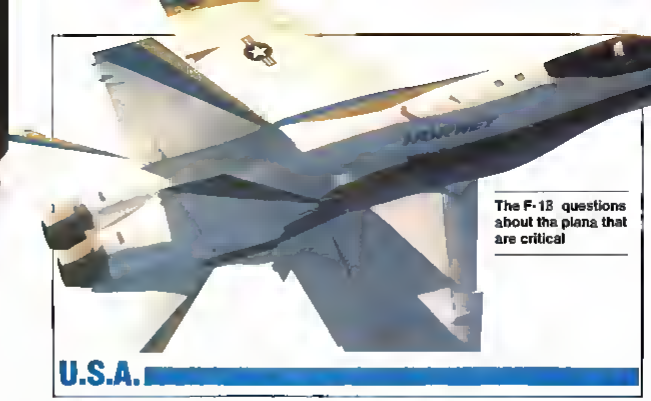


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The F-18 questions about the plans that are critical

U.S.A.

The F-18: will the U.S. bail out?

By William Lowther

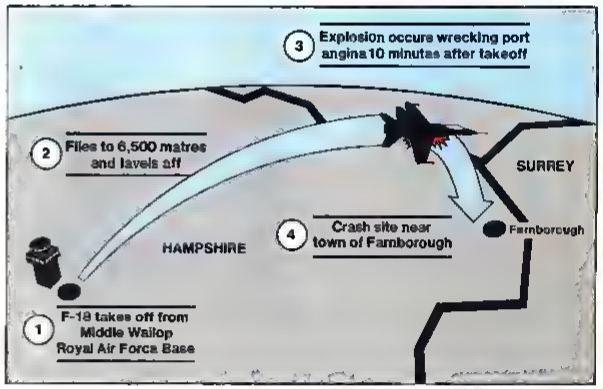
The troubled F-18 fighter project received two further major jolts last week. The first was the revelation that U.S. Secretary of Defence Harold Brown has instituted a major review of U.S. Navy plans to buy the aircraft—on which Canada is basing its defence strategy for the next 20 years. The second was that the F-18 that crashed in Britain two weeks ago did so as the result of an explosion that wrecked the port engine. Neither event need be fatal to Ottawa's plans to buy 137 of the aircraft at a cost of $4 billion, the largest contract of its kind in Canadian history. But they can be of little comfort either to planners at the ministry of national defence or to the taxpayer who, even if Brown gives the project the go-ahead, may have to pay a much higher price for the aircraft due to production delays and necessary modifications.

Asked for details about the Brown inquiry, a spokesman at the secretary's office said, simply: "The review is under way and we can have no further comment at this time." But a spokesman for Congressman Joseph P. Addabbo, chairman of the House of Representatives Subcommittee on Defence, told *Maclean's* that Brown had recently met Addabbo and other subcommittee members to discuss the F-18's future. And it was as a direct result of this meeting that the House last week, against the predictions of opponents of the F-18 project like Congressman Bruce Vento (*Maclean's*, Sept. 22), decided to make the spending of $1.6 billion on production of a further 60 aircraft (only 14 have been built so far and they have all been grounded because of safety fears) conditional upon the remedying of deficiencies identified in developmental testing. Said the spokesman for Addabbo: "The questions which we have about this plane are of a major nature. They are not trivial. They will either be answered to our satisfaction or they won't be. We will know in a few weeks." The spokesman added: "This wording from the Congress gives Secretary Brown the latitude. He can carry on with the program or scrap it. It really is that simple."

The crash of the F-18 in Britain will certainly figure in Brown's decision and while the findings of an ongoing inquiry being conducted by McDonnell Douglas (the makers), the U.S. Navy (their partners) and British air safety authorities remain secret, a spokesman in Vento's office said: "We have learned that there was some kind of explosion at 20,000 feet. It is still not certain if the explosion was within one of the engines, or if it was external to it. But it wrecked the port engine. A large segment of the low-pressure turbine wheel was blown off, the speed brake was knocked off and there was some damage to the controls, including the fuel control to the starboard engine." As a result, the aircraft power dived to the ground, a matter of a few hundred metres from army married housing, a school and a factory.

That may not be all. A worker connected with the F-18's development has told *Maclean's* that there has been trouble running the aircraft's engine in extremely cold weather. This was denied last week by Bob Saucci of General Electric, the engine's makers. He said: "The engine has been performing perfectly at all temperatures." And Canadian Defence Minister Gilles Lamontagne was still confident the Canadian contract would be fulfilled and that the delivery of the planes would start, according to the agreement, in October, 1982. "To the best of our knowledge, the program is developing as planned with its expected difficulties," he said.

But Vento's staff is convinced that the program is in trouble. Said the spokesman: "No doubt there are plenty of people with McDonnell Douglas and the navy all saying that everything is just fine. At this point their investment in the plane is too great for them to say anything else. But if the current problems are not worked out well, and worked out quickly, this plane could be going nowhere."



Washington

An offer they should've refused

Melvin Weinberg has spent the better part of his 55 years on the make. As a kid he used to throw stones through neighborhood windows so his father—a glazier—would get new business. As he grew older his schemes acquired more complexity and finesse. A few years back he set up a dummy firm called London Investors Ltd., which he claimed was prepared to invest $100 million a month in American businesses. All the recipients had to do was pay a few thousand dollars to process the loans. Some investors grew suspicious, Weinberg was indicted and convicted, he subsequently agreed to cooperate with officials and his three-year sentence was commuted to three years on probation. And so commenced the curious symbiosis of a scam artist par excellence and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

That relationship led directly to Abscam, a Weinberg-inspired, FBI-directed sting operation in which several U.S. congressmen and civic politicians were snared in the jaws of their own greed. In return for bribes of $50,000 or more, the legislators allegedly promised to use their influence to introduce a private immigration bill in Congress for a mythical Arab sheik. The promises and the payoffs were either wiretapped or videotaped. Two Abscam cases have now ended in conviction, and a third—the trial of Democratic Congressman John Jenrette Jr. and codefendant John Stowe—is expected to go to the jury this week.

Weinberg himself appeared on the stand last week, a short, balding man, slightly overweight, with dark-tinted glasses and a thick New York accent. Since 1979 the FBI has been paying him $5,000 a month for his services, and he recently earned a $15,000 advance on the sale of his life story to a New York publishing house. "You have made a pretty good living lying and cheating and stealing," noted Kenneth Robinson, Jenrette's defence counsel, during cross-examination. "I don't steal," Weinberg replied. Robinson was incredulous. "You don't steal? You don't steal people's integrity? ... You know the Lord's Prayer, don't you, Mr. Weinberg? You lead people into temptation, don't you?"

"I don't know the Lord's Prayer," Weinberg said.

"You mean to sit there under oath and tell me that you don't know the Lord's Prayer?"

"That is correct."

That particular exchange provided a moment of rare levity in the proceedings. Yet, in one sense, it went to the heart of the issues the Abscam trials have raised. Just how far did justice officials go in their attempt to lure politicians into the widening net of their investigations? Did the use of paid informants such as Weinberg loosen the controls normally exercised by the Bureau in cases of this type? Did the FBI, in effect, conduct a fishing expedition with little solid evidence of criminal conduct? Did Mel Weinberg lead John Jenrette and others into temptation? Or did he merely satisfy what Jenrette himself called Weinberg's larcenous instincts?



SKOOGFORS GAMMA LIAISON



UPI

Senate ethics committee in session (above), Jenrette and wife, Rita, leaving trial: man snared in the jaws of their greed

The entrapment argument has been raised in all three Abscam trials, so far without success. The videotaped spectacle of a U.S. congressman and other civic leaders pocketing cash in return for the implicit promise of influence-peddling has been compelling. Said the lawyer for Philadelphia city council President George Schwartz, found guilty last week on two charges of racketeering and extortion: "How do you cross-examine a videotape?"

Lawyers for Democratic Congressman Michael (Ozzie) Myers, convicted earlier, went beyond the entrapment defence, arguing that while Myers indeed accepted the payoffs, he never intended to fulfil his part of the bargain—introduce immigration legislation for the fictive sheik. Without criminal intent, they argued, there could be no crime. The jury was not convinced. Perhaps they remembered the story about South Dakota Senator Larry Pressler, who was likewise drawn into the Abscam whirlpool, but who had the wit or wisdom or probity to decline an illegal campaign contribution of $50,000. If one politician was able to do that with no strings attached, why couldn't the others?

Lawyers for Jenrette, clearly noting the failure of the entrapment defence in earlier trials, have added another dimension. They blame Weinberg and FBI undercover agent Anthony Amoroso for playing upon Jenrette's well-known alcoholism, feeding him drinks and making him incapable of distinguishing right from wrong. But they, too, must contend with videotapes showing Jenrette's friend John Stowe collecting the $50,000 he said he was taking to the congressman's office, and wiretapped evidence of Stowe saying he had kept $10,000 for himself.

"Come now, Mr. Weinberg," repeated Jenrette's attorney, Kenneth Robinson. "And lead us not into temptation. ... You don't know that phrase?"

"They have a choice," Melvin Weinberg said. "I don't force people to come to me. They can say yes or no."

Michael Posner

Maine

Nuclear fallout that spread

If Maine's 709,000 electors decide this week to end the state's flirtation with nuclear power, it may be because of a three-pound wrench socket. That object, dropped by a technician, set off last week's explosion in a Titan missile silo in Arkansas, 1,200 km away, killing one and injuring 21 air force personnel and causing the evacuation of 1,000 people from the town of Damascus. Afterwards the Pentagon said there had been no risk of the Titan's nuclear warheed exploding. But they admitted that the blast could have caused radioactive contamination within a "limited area," and that was enough to set shock waves reverberating in the state whose rock-



bound coast, bucolic ambience and Yankee practicality held, until then, made the no-nukes campaign seem a touch forlorn

Led by Raymond Shadis, a 38-year-old sculptor and teacher, the no-nuke group hopes to close Maine Yankee, the 840-megawatt reactor located at Wiscasset, some 70 km north of Portland, which currently provides one-third of the state's power Shadis with his wife, Patricia, got the antinuclear ball rolling with a 50-km march from the power plant to the state capitol at Auguste on Independence Day, July 4, 1979 They had been shocked into action by the accident at Three Mile Island and a U S Nuclear Regulatory Commission ordered a temporary shutdown of Maine Yankee, three kilometres from their farm home To hold a referendum they needed 37,000 signatures, but wound up with 55,834, the largest number in the history of Maine's initiative petitions Since then, local groups have raised $179,000 in campaign funds from concerts, garage and bake sales and a direct-mail drive

The nuclear industry has taken the threat seriously Private utilities and companies such as Westinghouse Inc., which makes reactors, poured an estimated $1 million into a radio, TV and newspaper advertising blitz urging Maine's citizens not to reject nuclear power Meanwhile industry spokesmen, like John Menario of the Save Maine Yankee Committee, have pointed to the reactor's safety record and warned of economic chaos if it should close.

Shadis and colleagues reject these "textbook arguments" and insist that conservation and co-generation by pulp mills using their waste heat could make up the electrical shortfall But even if an antinuclear law were approved, the issue would probably still face a court challenge on the grounds that nuclear power control is a federal not a state matter Through it all, neighboring New Brunswick has a stake in the outcome if the Wiscasset nuke were shattered, Maine's power-brokers would probably come shopping in the province, which is building its own reactor at Point Lepreau on the Bay of Fundy

David Folster





JILLIAN BLACK-STAR PORTLAND HERALD



Smoking crater after Arkansas missile silo explosion; Menario (left top); Shadis shock waves felt in Maine

Disorder in the Carter ranks

The longtime Carter staffer seated in the small hotel near the White House sipped her Pernod and water smiled a wan smile and said Sometimes it's like all Jimmy's friends family and staff are working for Ronald Reagan It certainly seemed that way last week Tim Kraft Carter's 39-year old curly haired national campaign manager took leave of absence as the FBI began investigating him for using cocaine



NOUR NEWSPHOTO WORLDWIDE UPI

Kraft (left), Brzezinski (centre), and Wise allegations of attending an orgy

two top White House aides argued publicly with senators as their testimony in the Billy Carter Libya inquiry appeared to be less than honest new allegations against brother Billy had him attending a sex orgy in Rome and an ongoing political row in the cabinet hit the headlines Said Maryland Republican Sen Charles Mathias during the Billy Carter hearings " My concern has been shifting from whether everything is done with propriety to whether everything is done with competence "

That view seemed to be reflected in a major *New York Times*-CBC News poll issued last week It showed that while most Americans see Carter as a man with genuine concern for ordinary people they doubt his leadership abilities Most polls now have Carter and Reagan running even, each with 37-per-cent support Independent candidate John B Anderson has 13 per cent leaving 13 per cent of voters undecided

But Anderson is thought by some analysts to be gaining as he points to an apparent lack of coherence in the advice that Carter is getting Last Monday for example after Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini seemed to relax conditions for the release of the U S hostages Carter was briefed by National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski in a speech later the president bubbled with optimism and hinted at an early release date The next day however Secretary of State Edmund Muskie took a very different line There was no reason to expect the hostages home shortly, he said And by Wednesday Carter had come round to Muskie's way of thinking Said Anderson The president has once again shown his talent for pointing up the disarray within his own administration

The difference of opinion over the hostages' release was only the tip of the iceberg, however in the split between Muskie and Brzezinski In a midweek interview Muskie referred to "a confusion of American voices in foreign policy and made a thinly veiled appeal for a weakening of Brzezinski's influence with the president. About the same time Brzezinski and White House Appointments Secretary Phillip Wise 29 (a leading member of Carter's Georgia mafia) were being questioned by the Senate subcommittee investigating Billy's dealings with Libya Both men had remarkable lapses in memory when questioned about Billy's White House contacts, leading subcommittee Chairman Birch Bayh (D-Ind) to tell Wise " Your 'don't recalls' are red flags to all of us who are looking for the truth Senator Strom Thurmond (R-S C) told Brzezinski We're trying to get the truth but we're not sure you're telling it " The resulting exchange shown on national television was a most undignified advertisement for the administration

The Billy hearings closed at week's end and a full report is due soon According to the *Chicago Tribune* some of the most sensational evidence was heard in private It quoted Mario Leanza a 65-year-old Atlantic realtor who accompanied Billy on an all-expenses-paid trip to Libya as saying that during a Rome stopover the president's brother was cavorting with naked ladies in his hotel While this has nothing to do with the central question—whether Billy tried to influence U S foreign policy in return for the $220,000 loan the Libyans gave him—the allegations contributed to a lowering of the tone that pervaded the president's week

William Lowther

Butter, bullets and books





AP COURET GAMMA/LIAISON

Warriors celebrate in Revolution Square (left), Mengistu, red hammers and sickles

By Robin Wright

Alemash Araka, a rib-thin seven-year-old, kept smiling and caressing her new blue cotton skirt and vest Just months ago, she was one of hundreds of orphaned beggars in the shabby capital of Addis Ababa. Her mother hemorrhaged at Alemash's birth and died for lack of medical care Her father, a soldier, was killed by Eritrean guerrillas Today she is one of 5,050 children at Ethiopia's first Children's Revolutionary Resettlement Centre, otherwise known as an orphanage The revolution is "taking care of her "

Abebech Emmayu, an illiterate 47-year-old grandmother, stared intently at a book, her finger moving along the text, her lips mouthing soundlessly She could not read the words yet, she was still working on the letters But she is one of 5 4 million Ethiopians participating in the year-old campaign aimed at wiping out the country's 93-per-cent illiteracy rate The revolution is "taking care of her," too

As government officials never tire of telling visitors, the revolution is trying to bring Ethiopia's staggeringly poor population out of the dark age of Haile Selassie's empire and create a modern "well-rounded socialist personality" Whatever the rhetoric, the programs do reflect a major turning point The Marxist military government, long troubled by purges and the "counterrevolutionary terrorism" that killed untold thousands, has finally begun to govern, six years after the coup that toppled Selassie

This development coincides with the emergence of Lt.-Col Mengistu Haile Mariam, the mercurial young leader who shot his way three years ago into the chair of the Dergue (junta) Since then, the council has virtually been dissolved, while Mengistu has grown into a cult figure—and has taken full control. Under his obsessive direction, Ethiopia has evolved into one of the most radical of African states, complete down to the red hammers and sickles painted on airport windows and the austere street billboards of Marx, Lenin and Engels It is no longer the zany Abyssinia of Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*

Yet the average Ethiopian is probably better off under the Marxism of Mengistu than with the totalitarianism of Selassie, Lion of Judah and King of Kings Although Ethiopia remains one of the world's poorest nations—the per-capita income is under $100—the burden of heavy taxes paid to feudal landlords, the demanding Coptic church and the state have been lifted United Nations and Red Cross officials say peasants are eating better in most areas, a key factor in a country where food means politics. Selassie's failure to acknowledge the 1973 famine and the



LAURENT GAMMA/LIAISON

Selassie (below), and troops in the Ogaden (far right) fighting three wars at once





BLACK STAR

needed land reform triggered the revolution.

There are also the beginnings of public participation in government, with the evolution of neighborhood cells or *kebeles*, which administer housing, perform minor police (some say spy) duties and settle local disputes. Yet it is evident that the revolution is still in its early stages. Many of the *kebeles* headquarters are in red-light districts, an embarrassment to officials who claim to have eliminated prostitution. In several bookshops in the capital, the literature of the proletariat shares shelves with *Adventures of Spiderwoman* and *Battleship Galactica* comic books.

Perhaps ironically, Mengistu's biggest problem centres on conflicting economic and military needs: how to better the lives of the people on a limited budget and, at the same time, build and equip an army to fight wars on several fronts. The revolution, like the empire, has to bold together a country of artificial boundaries and serious ethnic divisions. There are few political differences between the guerrilla movements and the government. But Moslem rebels in Eritrea, to the north, and the Ogaden, to the south, want independence from the Christian-oriented Amharics in Addis.

The government now claims it holds both areas, but there is proof to the contrary. Last week, a few reporters were escorted to the Ogaden, the glaring red desert, so desolate that it is hard to believe it has been the site of sporadic warfare for almost 200 years, according to fact, and more than 900 years, according to legend. The most recent conflict ended in July, with invading Somali troops forced back to the border. But the visit made clear that guerrillas of the Western Somali Liberation Front (WSLF) still hold the bush. Nervous and heavily armed Ethiopian troops in armored personnel carriers formed skirmish lines as battle sites were inspected.

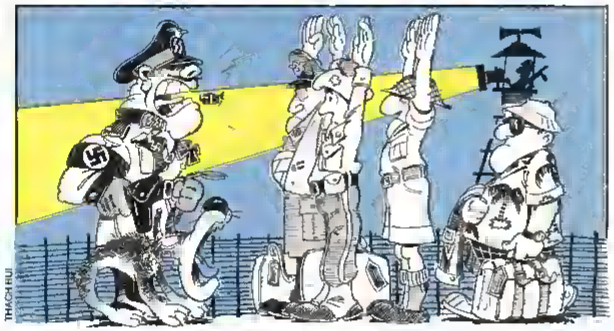
Like Angola and Afghanistan, Ethiopia has relied heavily on Communist support to fight its wars. At various stages up to 17,000 Cuban troops (now reportedly down to 11,000), 1,000 Soviet military advisers and almost $2 billion worth of Soviet arms and war planes have been deployed. The Cubans are so much a part of life in the Ogaden that the "Havana Bar" is the hot spot in Jijiga.

One reason for their semipermanence is the continuing fighting, another the U.S. military deal, signed in late August, opening the way for President Jimmy Carter's rapid-deployment force to base in Berbera and for massive arms sales to neighboring Somalia, host to the WSLF—moves Ethiopia has interpreted as the greatest external threat since the revolution. The agreement stipulates that the arms are for defensive use, but Ethiopian commanders displayed captured arms and vehicles from the latest battles—mainly from the U.S. and Europe.

There are also signs that the war in Eritrea—fairly quiet since late last year—may heat up again soon. Neutral observers say the army recently dispatched at least half of the new Soviet-built helicopter gunships (so devastating to guerrillas in Afghanistan) to the mountainous north. And new troop movements have been seen in the province, so crucial because its two ports are Ethiopia's only access to the Red Sea.

Mengistu is desperate to end these conflicts, but he is not willing to concede terms to the fierce opposition. The reliance on outside help has undercut his potential, and it has also created headaches for the government. Last week, the state department disclosed that two Cuban soldiers climbed over the fence at the U.S. embassy in Addis and defected. The incident happened in May, but Ethiopia so far has refused the two permission to leave, since that would lead to a humiliating loss of face before its closest ally.

Despite the country's problems, associates say Mengistu's dream is to play a larger role in Africa—to become, in effect, the Castro of the continent. The "chairman" is also believed to be an Ethiopian first and a Marxist second. But in the meantime he has to be practical. A well-substantiated story reflects his attitude: when a group of university students were gunned down by his troops, a delegation of mothers and relatives protested. For their trouble, they were all locked up. Mengistu heard of the incident, visited the jail to hear their stories and made two decisions to have the soldiers shot and to keep the relatives in the clink. ☆



United Kingdom

A trip down memory lane

Bob Acraman is a former British army paratrooper with sergeant's stripes to prove it, 3,500 free-fall jumps to his credit and a 41-year-old body that could easily play both parts in an Arm and Hammer commercial. Even his best friends call him a "typical airborne animal." But not even they dare suggest he would be everyone's first choice as a holidaymakers' guide. Nonetheless, Acraman, who already runs an adventure camp on the bleak acreage of Salisbury Plain, is in the holiday business. Last week, he was busy screening applicants for a package that is more Colditz than Cook's tour—a weekend blitz (Nov. 21-23) in which vacationers will be incarcerated in an imitation Nazi POW camp.

For $85 it sounds like a bargain in deprivation, and it may be the first holiday scheme that demands that vacationers not only have their hair cut, but undergo a psychological screening for mental toughness. For the 48 who qualify, Acraman's "dream vacation" will go something like this: prisoners will arrive in cattle cars on a railway spur. They will be greeted by gun-toting guards in authentic Wehrmacht uniforms, who will eye them from watchtowers with revolving searchlights. Barbed wire will be as ubiquitous as cotton candy on a midway. Guard dogs will prowl. "We'll defang them," said one camp employee. "They won't bite, but they'll give a nasty suck." Accommodation will consist of a red-brick hut with an uncompromising concrete floor and steel cots with straw sacking for blankets. The fare would not rate a falling star in the dimmest of gastronomic firmaments. Porridge, thin soup and stale bread will be served and that's only if Acraman is feeling particularly generous. As he puts it: "What do they expect for 30 quid? The Savoy?"

To maintain historical accuracy and



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ensure that the weekend is not one endless round of interrogations, starvation diets and delousing, prisoners are expected to try to escape from the stockade, which sits menacingly in the Hampshire flatlands and once served as an army isolation hospital. The sport of escape is indeed the selling point of the weekend. And although Acraman admits the holiday could draw "perverts and masochists," he maintains that of the hundreds of inquiries he has received, most have been from honest adventurers "willing to have a go at something a little different."

Acraman smiles devilishly at the thought of people trying to escape and promises there will be a very low success rate. For one thing, he plans to infiltrate the paying POWs with a few handpicked informers and, for another, he has left few places for the escapees to escape to. "The neighboring farms will report anyone who comes running to what they might think is a safe house," said Acraman. But his principal weapon will be "total demoralization." "I don't plan to feed them for the first day," he explained. "The huts will be freezing cold in November and they won't be getting much sleep because of the nighttime searches and interrogations."

Added authenticity will be provided by Acraman's artful rendering of a competent Colonel Klink, but his principal recruits in this area will come from among the 300 members of the Second World War British Re-enactment Associate (BRA), grown men who replay the battles and collect memorabilia. They will supply all the necessary props in this military pantomime, from acting as Nazi prison guards to handing out Red Cross packages. Prisoners will have their pick of Allied forces uniforms and Mike Ross, president of the BRA, promises that Tommies will be authentic right down to their underwear, GIs to their boots and 1943 matchsticks.

Apart from Ross's Lord Kitchener moustache, the only obvious historical inaccuracy is that women will be tolerated, if not welcome, as bit players in the drama. "But they'll be kept in a separate compound," says Acraman. "I've only got three days to crack these guys and if a woman's around they'll hold out longer. You know, puff up their chests and try to be brave." For those who don't manage that, the ignominy will just be beginning. Acraman plans to tape all the proceedings and play back any pertinent performances. "We'll listen to those who crack and have a few laughs," he said. Should the holiday prove a ripping success, Acraman's already planning his next venture—a three-month POW camp with all the aforementioned options. It's probable that most people would rather be in Philadelphia. **Jane O'Hara**

South Korea

Execute thine enemy

The verdict, though far from unexpected, was difficult to bear. After a 19-day trial on what were widely considered to be trumped-up sedition charges, South Korea's leading dissident, Kim Dae-jung, 54, was sentenced to death on the gallows last week by a military tribunal. Kim's only reaction to the pronouncement by presiding Judge Colonel Yan Shun-ki was a painful grimace. But the court dissolved in an uproar when friends and relatives of Kim and the 23 other dissidents sentenced to jail terms ranging from two to 20 years burst into the national anthem to display their anger.



Japanese and Koreans protest Kim's sentence in Tokyo (above). Kim: a grimace



The news was nothing less than pleasing, however, to South Korea's new president, General Chun Doo-hwan, whose dramatic rise to power since last December has been over the backs of democrats like Kim. Indeed, Kim's was the last major dissident voice in need of "neutralization" by the chunky general, and his demise would fulfil a goal the military has cherished ever since he came within a whisker of defeating Chun's mentor, the assassinated president Park Chung-hee, in the 1971 elections.

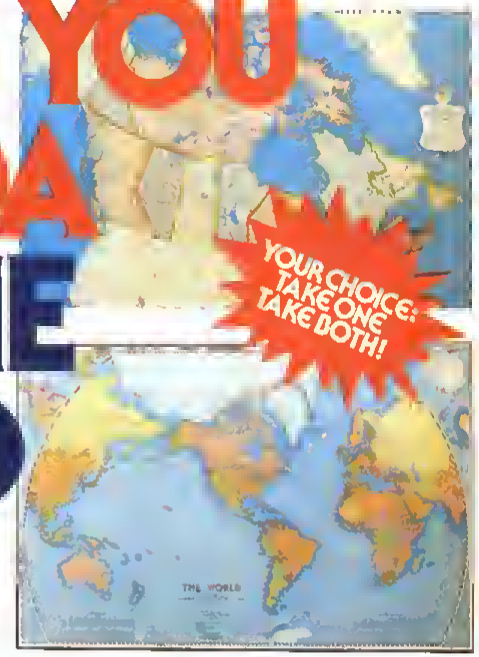
Diplomatic observers who attended the closed trial reported Yan as saying that the main reason for the harsh sentence against Kim was because of the part he allegedly played in fomenting a student rebellion against the government in Kwangju last May. Another black mark was his supposed political links with Communist North Korea. But Kim denied having plotted to overthrow the government. The students had appointed him as their leader without his authority, he said. The trial was merely "political retaliation."

Kim is appealing the verdict to a superior military court and the Korean Supreme Court. But it is believed both will uphold the sentence. His only hope, therefore, is that international pressure will lead Chun to commute the death sentence. South Korea's two major allies, the United States and nearby Japan, were both quick to make their displeasure known. U.S. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie declared that Kim's fate was being watched with "deep concern." In Japan, where the streets were filled in protest, Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki said the country's displeasure would be officially conveyed to Chun. Canada's external affairs minister, Mark MacGuigan, too expressed concern, and Amnesty International, the respected human rights organization, said it was appalled.

Chun hinted in an interview last week that he was considering clemency, but some felt that the international uproar might persuade him of its inadvisability. As one official close to Chun put it: Chun does not want the Americans or anyone else "to tell him what to do and what not to do in the case." **Brian Jeffries**

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Helsinki's troubled child

Art enthusiasts who wanted to view a giant mural by Miró, recently positioned above Madrid's Palacio de Congresos, received short shrift last week from 800 police guarding the conference hall. Sharpshooters peered down from neighboring rooftops while, inside, TV cameras, metal detectors and x-ray machines checked visitors. The distrustful atmosphere was peculiarly appropriate. The 700 delegates from 35 states gathered there to lay the groundwork for the November Conference on Security and Co-operation Europe (CSCE) are meeting at a time when détente is a stretcher case. Signed in Helsinki on Aug. 1, 1975, the CSCE Final Act was envisaged as a significant move toward greater international understanding and individual freedom. But the Soviet crackdown on dissidents, the continuation of the arms race and Afghanistan have dashed hopes.

The Belgrade review meeting in 1977 degenerated into an interminable wrangle over human rights and last week there were fears that the groundwork for the November review might prove to have insecure foundations. After an ill-omened start—someone raised Australia's flag instead of Austria's and an interminable wrangle ensued over room allocations—there was a sharp East-West exchange on human rights and Afghanistan. The cause of the trouble was an East bloc proposal that the West claimed would limit discussion of these two issues.

In fact, there was a repeated whisper that the Soviets, tired of being sniped at for their human rights performance, may be ready to make Madrid the last of such conferences. The U.S. and Canada are equally committed to continuing the Helsinki process. One of Canada's most experienced diplomats, Robert Louis Rogers, heads the four-man delegation. He was interviewed in Madrid by *Maclean's* correspondent David Baird about Canadian views and hopes for the conference.



UPI

Rogers outside the Palacio de Congresos: disagreements in a distrustful atmosphere

Maclean's: *Détente appears to be in a bad way. Do you see any hope of a new spirit emerging in Madrid?*

Rogers: A new spirit might be going a little bit far. Possibly the problem is that the CSCE began with over-high expectations whereas it is going to be a long-term process. I don't think we are going to solve the Afghanistan situation between now and the end of this conference, which we should see as trying to restore détente as far as possible rather than as a great leap forward.

Maclean's: *Does Canada favor a detailed analysis of the achievements or otherwise of Helsinki even though, because of Soviet opposition, this could cripple the conference?*

Rogers: All the West believes in a thorough review of implementation. It is not the review itself as much as the manner in which it is carried out which will make a difference. It is after all election year in the United States. On human rights it is fair to say that opinion in North America is confrontational rather than national so that if the degree of excitement in the U.S. rises it is going to transfer itself in some measure to Canada—though as very moderate people we normally react more slowly and a little bit less vigorously.

Maclean's: *Some critics alleged that Canada adopted too abrasive a line on human rights at Belgrade. Is there going to be any change in Canada's stand?*

Rogers: Some said we were abrasive. Some said we were cream puffs. But I don't think abrasiveness is going to help and therefore I would hope that we can avoid it.

Maclean's: *Could concentration on human rights and Afghanistan sabotage the dialogue in areas which are equally or more important?*

Rogers: There is no way to avoid discussing Afghanistan because the invasion is very clearly a violation of the Final Act.

Maclean's: *Both the Soviet Union and France have suggested there should be a disarmament conference. What is Canada's view?*

Rogers: That we should have a discussion on security issues after the Madrid meeting but that it should be kept very firmly within the ambit of the CSCE and should always have to report back to the CSCE. We follow general Western feeling that we should begin by restoring confidence which was particularly shaken by Afghanistan and we want agreement on confidence-building measures. These would let everybody know what other parties are doing in the military field. We should also like a certain amount of restraint put on military activities—for example, a ceiling on the size of military manoeuvres. We want the measures to be obligatory and verifiable and we want them to apply to all of Europe without the present safe havens.

Maclean's: *Cynics might claim that Canadian policy often seems a duplicate of U.S. policy. What are the differences?*

Rogers: There are not too many radical differences within the Western group, but all of us have shades of opinion because we are democracies. We do not have a uniformity of thought.

Cloaks, daggers and a moonlit border run

By Hal Quinn

Cigarettes glowing in the shadow's edge; cryptic messages passing between strangers; footsteps following footsteps on wet cobblestones; guns bulging under trench coats; high-powered cars racing across moonlit borders. Not scenes from a made-for-TV movie (although they may be one day), but acts from a real-life story of international intrigue by amateurs playing a dangerous game against professionals. After five years the saga ended with a new beginning for three young Czechs. Peter Stastny, his pregnant wife, Darina, and his brother Anton arrived in Montreal Aug. 25. Stars of the Czechoslovakian national hockey team with their brother, Marian, the Stastny brothers had defected with the help of the Quebec Nordiques, high-ranking officials in the federal government, the Canadian embassy in Vienna and countless anonymous "connections."

"Had I known the dangers, had I known that I would be risking my life, I never would have done it," Marcel Aubut, 32, president of the Quebec Nordiques was saying last week as he recalled the flight to Innsbruck, Austria, with Nordique Assistant General Manager Gilles Léger, the secret meetings in hotels and the race to Vienna. "It was phenomenal. People would not believe it if they heard the whole story. But it happened. We did it." The whole story is not being told because, as Leger says, "The players are happy, they got their money [rumored to be $1 million each over five years], the team is happy, they got their players. I had worked on getting the Stastnys for five years, so I got the rights to the story. I've heard from five publishers so far." Nor will the whole story be told soon. "There were many people involved and we have to protect them," says Leger. "We have to wait. Only time will make it safe to tell the story. Besides, we don't want the rest of the teams to find out how we did it."

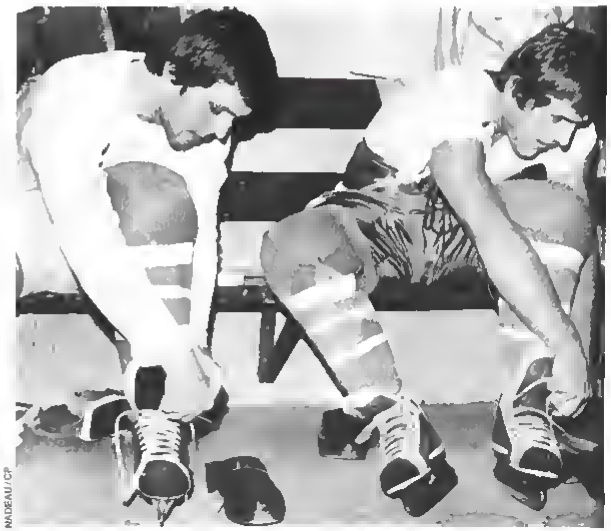
Léger had been working on the defection since November, 1976, when he was with the Birmingham Bulls of the defunct World Hockey Association. He had been instrumental in getting Czech star Vaclav Nedomansky when he worked for the Toronto Toros of the WHA, and when he moved to Quebec City he kept alive his dream of getting the Stastny brothers. "With Nedomansky it was easier, just one player. But with the Stastnys—we wanted all three, but Marian is married with three children and really couldn't come—we had two and Peter's wife." The pursuit heated up over the past two years. The Stastnys played on the same line together, Peter at centre, Anton at left, Marian at right. They formed one of the most formidable lines in hockey and they were aware that Léger and the Nordiques were after them.

The Czechoslovakian secret service (STB) was also aware. Léger's pursuit took him to Europe at least 10 times. When Marcel and I arrived at Innsbruck, the STB knew who we were." Repeated attempts to spirit away the brothers failed. "We followed them to their tournaments in Italy, West Germany, Switzerland," said Léger. "But always something would happen." The most trying attempt came at the Winter Olympics at Lake Placid in February. "The security was unbelievable," Aubut recalled. "Especially with the boycott talk and the invasion of Afghanistan, the police around the Russian and Czechoslovakians were so thick we couldn't get within 100 feet of them. But we got one of our people into the Olympic Village—past all the security. That was an accomplishment in itself."

Aubut's eyes dance at the thought of the remarkable escapade he had lived. The key to the entire project, for him, was the support of the man at Carling O'Keefe, the owner of the Nordiques. "When I told them Gilles and I were going to try to get two Czech hockey players to defect, they thought I was crazy, but the president, Jim Taylor, said to me, 'If there's a chance, try it.' Each month he would simply ask me, 'How's the European project?' At times I had to tell him it looked hopeless, but he always said 'Keep trying.'"

The chance came in August at Innsbruck. The Czech national team was competing there for the Europa Cup. Through intermediaries, the Stastnys knew Léger and Aubut would be there. It was arranged that Darina would arrive on a charter bus with Czech fans. Léger and Aubut left Canada on Aug. 22. "This time the plan worked, bang, bang, bang, it was pure luck," says Aubut. As the tournament went on, the brothers would sneak separately to hotel rooms to meet Léger and Aubut to negotiate details of the plan and their contracts. "They studied foreign trade at university," smiled Léger. "They knew what they were worth. They didn't exactly need an agent."

Just as the Czechs had tried to keep the conspirators apart before (by



NADEAU-CP

Peter (left) and Anton: the Innsbruck plan

changing tournament and travel plans at the last minute), they tried once more at Innsbruck. "The security again was tight," said Aubut, "and the STB had staked out our hotel." With everything going smoothly, a final-hour problem arose. "The kids wanted to play in the final game against Russia. We knew that would make it harder. If we got away during the tournament, their absence wouldn't be noticed so quickly. But the Czechs were going to leave directly after the Soviet game. There would be two empty seats. They would start searching immediately," says Aubut.

Weighing the risks, the brothers insisted on playing one last game against the Soviets, one last game with brother Marian. After the game, Léger and Aubut managed to get Anton, Peter and Darina into a car. They raced to Vienna and the Canadian embassy. "It got very dangerous. The guns were there. The embassy people really saved us," Aubut shakes his head. "Look, this was more than sports. The Stastnys were a national asset, through hockey responsible for part of the nation's image. This was like a victory by capitalism over communism." On Aug. 25, the Stastnys arrived at Montreal's Mirabel airport with their pursuers of five years. The brothers were now millionaires.

The brothers sat in the stands at Le Pavillion de la Jeunesse in Quebec City last week, after their first day with the entire Nordique team, their third week in their new home. Neither will talk about the "Nordique plan," and only reluctantly of those left behind. "The money was not the big factor," said Peter. "As players on the national team we had everything we wanted, money was not a problem. Czechoslovakia is not like here where everyone has a car, for instance. But we had cars." For both of them, the main thing was the breaking up of their local team in Bratislava. "We had won the first championship for them in 60 years," said Anton, his anger obvious. "But then the coach had no time for us, we practised alone. He started selling players to other teams, which is his right. We started to lose and it was over."

The Nordiques, who finished 19th out of 21 in the NHL last year, hope it is just beginning for them. "They are extremely talented hockey players," beams coach Maurice Filion. "They have all the abilities necessary to be superstars." It could be a long and productive relationship. Anton turned 21 last month, Peter 24 last week. "If you were to compare them with an NHLer," Léger says immodestly, "you'd say they were Guy Lafleurs."

In their new roles as Nordique saviors, millionaires, celebrities and for Peter as father (Darina gave birth to Katrina last week), they are adjusting. The hockey part might be the easiest. "When I walk in the old section of Quebec City, it reminds me of our home in Bratislava," said Peter, looking away for a moment with a trace of homesickness. "Here it is the St. Lawrence flowing by, there it was the Danube." ☆

No. 1 after all these years

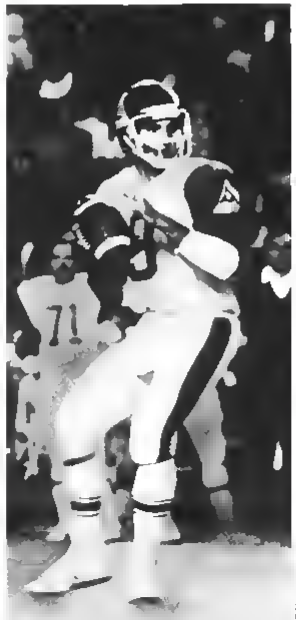
When Gerry Dattilo reported to the Montreal Alouette training camp this spring, his prospects were clear-cut. "I knew that I would be working as a wide receiver and the coach had told me I would have one week to try out as a quarterback." His one week would be more than the average Canadian is afforded at a Canadian Football League camp. Ask Jamie Bone, Canada's outstanding college player in 1977, who didn't get a chance to throw a single pass at the Hamilton Tiger-Cats 1978 camp before he was released. The Ontario Human Rights Commission soon heard about it, and its federal counterpart is about to. Dattilo testified at Bone's first hearings as exhibit A, a prime example that the CFL's designated import rule had virtually made the Canadian quarterback in the CFL obsolete.

Not before, or since, Russ Jackson in the '60s had a native-born player led his team in his country's pro league. At least, not until this year. "I think my testimony helped Jamie's case," Dattilo said last week, "but it might have hurt me. If I couldn't play other positions, I'd be in a 9 to 5 job right now." Dattilo is in his sixth season in the CFL. He has played running back, wide receiver, defensive back, outside linebacker, tight end, has been on the kickoff and punting teams and, of course, has done a bit of quarterbacking.

But now he's No. 1, swimming alone against the tide of evolution as the only Canadian quarterback in the league. Dattilo started his first game for Montreal this year against Ottawa. The Als lost 33-11, but "I had a good night passing." His next start was against Toronto. "That was the best game of my career. I completed 18 of 22 passes for 339 yards. That was a once-in-a-lifetime experience." The Als won 43-33. Against the B.C. Lions he passed for 180 yards in the first half, but "three or four plays before the end of the second quarter I was hit hard. I knew something was wrong." The last play of that half, Dattilo helped out on a tackle and that did it. "All I wanted to do at halftime was go to sleep. I was woozy for days and I still don't remember parts of the game and I guess I never will." It was diagnosed as a concussion, but just five days later Dattilo was back in uniform to lead Montreal over Toronto.

The Alouettes, champions of the eastern conference the past three years, have been riddled with dissension this season. Running back David Green held out for $1 million (which he didn't get), quarterback Joe Barnes asked to be traded (which he was, opening the door for Dattilo) and four veterans were released after four games. "That type of thing affects the whole team," says Dattilo. "Everything seems to have straightened out now." They certainly have for the 27-year-old from outside Montreal. "It has been my dream since even before high school to be a starting quarterback. I knew that all I really needed was the chance." Dattilo has taken the chance and passed for 1,487 yards, seven touchdowns and a 57-percent completion rate in five games. The lone Canadian quarterback has no illusions. "In this business you can be a star one day and a bum the next." The pressure is always present. "I'd be lying to say that I'm not enjoying the recognition and publicity. But I know that I have to get better every week just to hold on to what I've got." **H Q**

Dattilo: against the tide of evolution



MILES NADAL



Pain remover remains problem solvent



ERIC HAYES



ERIC HAYES



BRIAN WILLER/ MACLEAN'S

Smytha (laft), Stein (abova); a DMSO rubdown dissolving pesticides and pain

By Lilah Lohr

As an industrial solvent, DMSO (dimethyl sulfoxide) is powerful enough to dissolve pesticides and dyes, but to many sufferers of arthritis and other painful skin and muscle ailments its strength is even more dramatic: they look to the chemical to dissolve their pain. Available both as a commercial solvent and a purer, medically prescribed chemical, DMSO has yet to have the full medical potential of its soothing qualities examined. Many of those afflicted with arthritis are touting DMSO as an unjustly suppressed wonder drug, while medical authorities are worried that harmful long-term effects may outweigh any immediate therapeutic value. "I wish I had a dime for every call we've had about DMSO," says John Travis, director of development of The Arthritis Society in Toronto. "People are looking for anything to relieve their pain."

For decades, DMSO sat innocuously on the shelves of chemical stores in its impure solvent form. Although it had been used in the treatment of injured dogs and horses, it was not until 1963 that the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) approved the study of DMSO in humans. Readily absorbed through the skin, the solvent relieved pain and seemed to reduce swelling and help injured tissue heal. It was used widely to treat sprains, bruises and minor burns and was popular among professional athletes seeking to ease their battered bodies.

The wonder drug's day in the sun was a short one. Scientific studies in 1965 linked DMSO with eye damage in test animals, and clinical investigation of the drug was stopped. Under certain conditions, the solvent acts as a carrier for contaminants into the bloodstream, an attribute that caused DMSO's allure to dwindle in medical circles. "We had fairly extensive experience with it in the '60s," recalls Dr. Hugh Smythe, head of the rheumatic disease unit at Toronto's Wellesley Hospital. "It relieved pain by acting as a liniment, but no more than a commercial liniment such as Heet or Absorbine Jr. One enormous disadvantage it has is that it goes right through the skin and penetrates the first layer of blood vessels. At this point, it's absorbed through the circulation and you can detect a garlic-like breath within seconds."

Yet, undeterred, people continued to buy and use DMSO in its various degrees of concentration as a solvent. Faced with uncontrolled consumption of the drug, the FDA quietly relaxed its restriction and permitted further cautious trials of the drug while monitoring test subjects for nearsightedness and glaucoma-like symptoms. The drug is now approved for use in the U.S. and Canada to treat interstitial cystitis, a painful bladder condition, although reliable test data is still scarce. As well, Canadian physicians are allowed to prescribe the drug for scleroderma, a condition in which skin becomes so thickened and tight that victims cannot open their mouths or move their fingers. "Scleroderma is such a terrible disease," says Wallace Rice, chief of the miscellaneous drug division of the federal health protection branch, "that we consider there's a high benefit-to-risk ratio. It's the only thing that seems to work."

But there is little to prevent physicians from applying DMSO for other than approved purposes. "DMSO is not hard to get," says Smythe. "It's present

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in large amounts in many hospitals. You can sneak down to the lab, bring it back and paint it on anyone if you want to play with it." And while it is not distributed for retail sale in Canada, industrial-strength DMSO can be ordered through hobby shops or other intermediaries. Still, the drug is much more regulated in Canada than in the U.S., where states such as Oregon and Florida have seen a mushrooming of clinics offering treatments using high-grade DMSO (the FDA does not have the power to regulate in-state distillation).

Arthritis victims are among the best customers of these clinics, much to the chagrin of those who are working to find a cure for the disease. "Proponents of DMSO are claiming all kinds of wondrous things," says Peter Mathon, a spokesman for the U.S. Arthritis Foundation. "To say DMSO is a pain reliever is one thing; the foundation tends to support its use for that purpose if it is proven to be safe. But to call DMSO a cure for arthritis is a whole new ball game and it raises all kinds of false hopes."

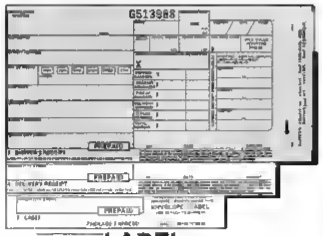
Legislative wheels are slowly turning in the U.S. to allocate funds for DMSO research. But one of the biggest problems facing researchers may not be money as much as methodology. The "garlic-breath" symptom caused by the drug makes it difficult to use in a double-blind study, since researchers and subjects could simply whiff to determine who was using DMSO and who was using a placebo.

Canadian pharmaceutical researchers seem complacent enough to sit back and wait for the Americans to dispel the shadows enshrouding DMSO. "We've been trying to encourage the companies to submit applications for clinical trials," explains Rice. "So far, nothing concrete has resulted." Frank W. Horner Inc., the Canadian distributor of the legal 70-per-cent DMSO solution that is prescribed for scleroderma, has no plans for further study. "We're a relatively small company and we can't follow every prospective use for DMSO," says Dr. Leonard Mitchell, a vice-president at Horner. "There's a lot of work being done in the U.S. and it's a little confusing to see which uses will be worthwhile."

The confusion is little solace to the one in seven people in Canada who suffer from arthritis. The crippling effects of the disease are so severe that the hopes of sufferers do not dissolve easily. But doctors do not want popular expectations of a magic balm to obscure hard research. "DMSO has been disappointing in its therapeutic value," says Dr. Jack Stein, a medical adviser to The Arthritis Society, "and I predict that it will go the way of many of these so-called cures." ⊹

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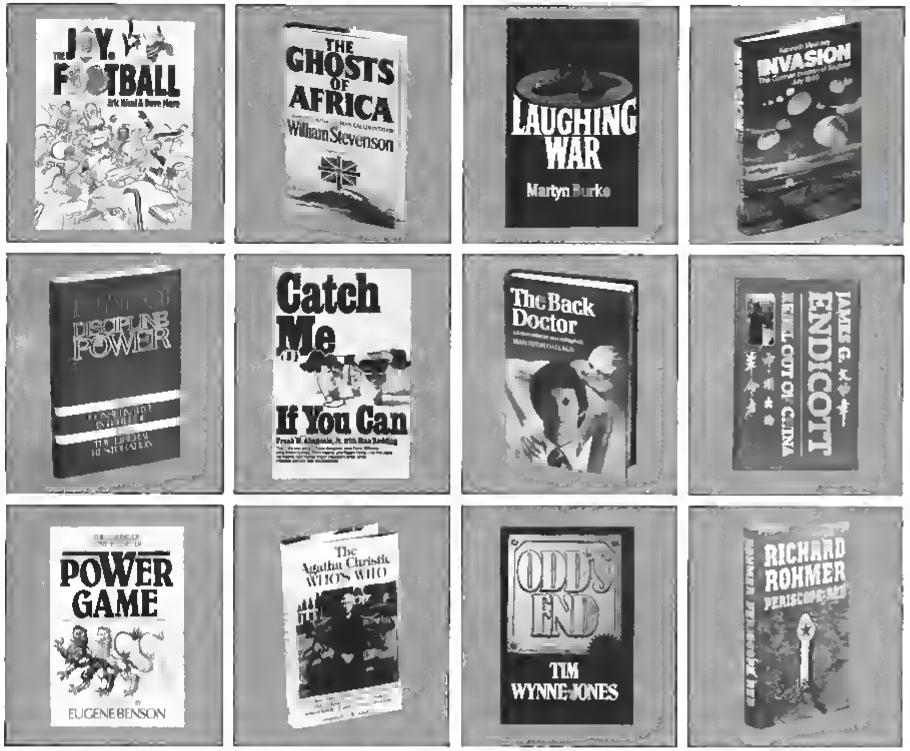
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Radio

Giving the dean his musical due

Sir Michael Tippett, with his craggy Auden-like face, is an incredibly vigorous-looking 75-year-old—and the dean of British composers. A composer so critical of his own work that he has withdrawn all the music he wrote during the late '20s and early '30s, Tippett has only recently been shunted out of the shadows and into the limelight since the death in 1976 of Benjamin Britten, one of the finest musical sensibilities of the century. Now, having been left alone to carry on the tradition embodied by Henry Purcell in the 17th century, Tippett is being accorded his due with galas and concerts to celebrate his 75th birthday not only all over England, but also in Canada. CBC Radio will launch its fall season Sept. 25 by bringing Tippett over to conduct the CBC Chamber Orchestra in his *Concerto for Double String Orchestra*, the composition that first brought him international recognition in the early '40s. On Sept. 30, Tippett will lay down his baton only to judge that of his countryman Andrew Davis, conducting the Toronto Symphony in the North American premiere of Tippett's *Triple Concerto*.

After his departure, the CBC continues the tribute without him. Four more live concerts, recorded Sept. 28 through Oct. 17, will be broadcast in January, featuring his music as well as that of his contemporaries Britten and Sir William Walton. It's too tempting to write off CBC Stereo as a pleasant source of background music for dicing vegetables, and to overlook the fact that programming as extensive and distinguished as this is not merely aural entertainment but a vital part of musical culture, bringing a composer of Tippett's stature to the attention of the Canadian public is an honorable task. One of the most distinctive and independent talents around, Tippett, like Britten, has lavished as much attention to his opera and oratorio librettos (*The Midsummer Marriage, A Child of Our Time*), which he writes himself out of an exceptionally well-stocked mind, as to the music. And the music breaks from the delightful if somewhat bosky melodic tradition that runs from Purcell to Britten. Tippett's music has sinew and an appreciative ear for topical exoticisms. Given his vitality, Tippett should be a proud bearer, for a good long time, of the torch he has been passed.

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

Doctors in crisis

By Susan Riley

A hundred years ago doctors were regarded as savants rather than technicians. Whatever the reality, a comforting image grew up: the doctor as wise, fatherly, compassionate healer. He—and it was inevitably a he—would arrive at your house in the middle of the night, toting a black bag full of bottles and tubes. Along with time-honored medicines and gentle reassurance, he brought an air of rumpled serenity to the panic of the sickroom. And—as he bandaged the wound or helped the fever abate—he would discourse knowledgeably on the political and literary currents of the time. Above all, he was someone you could *trust*.

But nowadays that image is changing and changing fast. Doctors today are as likely to be seen as hard-drinking money-grubbers with inflexibly conservative social attitudes and low golf handicaps. They no longer visit you, you visit them—even if it means taking a number and waiting in line like a customer in a butcher's shop. Besides that, they often seem to care more about their own financial health than your puffing illness. Next week, for instance, federal and provincial health ministers will meet in Winnipeg to discuss improvements to medicare, on the other hand doctors in Vancouver last week for the annual convention of the Canadian Medical Association were clamoring about the latest threat to their livelihood—the recommendation by the recent Hall report on medicare that extra billing be banned. Never mind that the debate is as much about declining power as it is about declining incomes, that what doctors are facing is a profession in crisis—the public generally sees only one thing: some of society's richest citizens (at a net average income of $50,500 a year) screaming for more. Stung by studies such as the one done for the Hall report showing a strong decline in public trust, and fearful of even more government interference, doctors are having a hard time proving their worth.

Their case isn't helped much either by the persistent "horror stories." An Ottawa doctor recently pleaded guilty to charges of sexually molesting a patient—not an unusual case in itself. What was more damaging was the fact that the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons—which supposedly polices its own members—had dismissed similar complaints against the same man. In Toronto recently, a heavily sedated patient was refused an abortion at the last minute when her anesthetist discovered she hadn't paid two previous bills. "I'm not a bloodhound," explained Dr. Willard Wilson, "but this patient had to be punished." Again more astonishing was the subsequent admission of the Ontario College that later this month it will be investigating *two more* complaints against doctors who demanded payment before operating. Last year, 53-year-old Frank Russell of Happy Valley, Labrador, was diagnosed by his doctor as suffering from gas pains. When the pains didn't go away, Russell flew to nearby Newfoundland where surgeons removed a malignant 10-pound tumor from his stomach. To add insult to injury, when the people of Happy Valley started complaining about the generally poor quality of medical care in the tiny community, the Newfoundland Medical Association warned them to stop criticizing, or they would lose what little service they had. No wonder malpractice suits in Canada have quadrupled over the past decade—from 80 to 343.

Meanwhile, the Alberta Medical Association (AMA) recently was forced to circulate a "danger list" of violent patients after two doctors were murdered in their offices and a third badly stabbed. This can't be construed as the cutting edge of a public backlash since the attacks were the work of "paranoid and delusional individuals," but as the AMA's Dr. Robert Clark says, the attacks may have been sparked by the physician's traditional image of omnipotence which sets him up as the perfect target.

Less spectacular, but equally damaging to the old image of the friendly, selfless family doctor, are the other "doctor stories": statistics and studies showing that high living, drug abuse and alcoholism take their toll in the healing profession, as in others; the enshrinement of workaholism as a noble tradition; and the fact that, in 1979, while Canadians were shelling out for their education, more than one-third of Canada's graduating class—605 doctors—left this country for the fatter paycheques and allegedly greater "professional freedom" south of the border. "Most young students come to med school with the notion of service, but somewhere along the way it gets perverted," says Dr. Sidney Lee of McGill University in Montreal. "Some of them think they should be paid like baseball players."

In fairness to doctors, in the '70s their earning powers *did* decline in relation to other professions, but there are signs that the trend has been arrested and incomes are on the rise again—at least in Ontario. And most people would probably react the same way 81-year-old Emmett Hall did recently when asked about the narrowing gap between doctors' salaries and those of blue-collar workers. Said the father of medicare, and author of the latest review: "I can't see anything wrong with that [the narrowing gap], because increases in the cost of living bear most heavily on the low-income brackets." In other words, doctors won't starve.



Doctors at work: serenity in the sickroom

It's hardly surprising that as public criticism mounts and the patina of omniscience wears thin, doctors, like businessmen during the flower-power '60s, are feeling beleaguered and misunderstood. Ever since medicare was introduced for the first time in Saskatchewan in 1962 and doctors retaliated by going on strike, there has been an uneasy partnership between the profession and the "system." With Hall proposing even more restrictions on the right to charge for services, the medical establishment has responded with a chippy defensiveness. Dr. Alex Mandeville of the British Columbia Medical Association denounced the Hall report as "socialist," while Dr. Robert MacMillan, head of the Ontario Medical Association (OMA), warned doctors will consider going on strike if they are forced to remain within medicare. "We're like wild stallions who wander into a stall," he once said. "The minute someone closes the door behind us we go wild." Underlying all the talk of money is the real worry—a loss of status within the health system which the OMA's Dr. Ed Moran says is "de-professionalizing" doctors. That fear is reflected in medical schools and hospitals, where confusion reigns. "Doctor-bashing is a popular sport," says University of British Columbia med resident Bryan Barootes, "and interns bear the brunt of it."

However bad the new image, there remains across the country the many individual doctors who don't deserve the criticism, who still hold their patients' hands through operations, who make house calls—an average of eight a week among GPs in the Halifax area—and who combine old-style Victorian manners with Jetstar technology. And there is a minority of reformers within the profession who welcome the flack being hurled at their group. "It's high time doctors were asked to explain themselves," says Dr. Michael Rachlis, an energetic 28-year-old who works at Toronto's experimental South Riverdale Community Health Centre. "We're not gods, and we should stop acting as if we are." Another new wave doctor, 30-year-old Greg Blaney of Ottawa, says medical schools should stop dispensing elitist notions along with the diplomas. "From the minute you start you're told you're special, worth more than other people, and you're told subtly that people are totally ignorant and you're supposed to rescue them when they're sick."

And the patient who is sick, or worried, or afraid isn't at his most assertive—even if he speaks the language of the middle class. "Our deepest paranoia is our health," says federal Health and Welfare Minister Monique Bégin, and she draws her observation not just from Gallup polls but from personal observation. A former heavy smoking habit and other medical problems have landed her in hospital twice in the past 10 years. "You can be a forceful individual in the outside world," she says, "but when you're in one of those incredible gowns they give you in hospital you feel very ordinary."

However, the current crisis of confidence in the medical profession may not be merely a question of the attitudes of doctors and patients to each other. Both are victims of a seemingly archaic system of payment that produces "assembly line medicine"—the fee schedule. Under this system most doctors—except those on salary at clinics or hospitals—are paid by government on a piecework basis, like workers in a shoe factory. The rates vary from province to province (see box page 48) but what counts is quantity rather than quality. Almost everyone recognizes the shortcomings of the fee schedule, but no one has so far come up with a better idea. Hall says it is impractical to put all doctors on salary, particularly the thousands who work independently in small towns. Others have violent philosophical objections to becoming civil servants—particularly in Alberta, where the notion of doctor-as-small-businessman is entrenched. Some provinces, like Ontario, have tried to make the fee schedule more flexible, but doctors still get $8 to treat a sore throat, which might take five minutes, and only $20 for a full half-hour of counselling for someone who is depressed, for instance, or abusing his health with bad habits.

This discrepancy in the fee schedule has become particularly important now that so much of the illness a family doctor sees stems from stress caused by poor lifestyle and difficult work and





PAUL LITTLE

Emergency at Vancouver General Hospital, second year med students, UBC wanting to be paid like baseball players

home situations—not problems cured by the usual five-minute chat, two aspirins and plenty of fluids. In fact, the fee schedule stems from a notion of the doctor as a curer of sickness rather than a promoter of wellness. "Only two per cent of Ontario's health budget goes into public health," laments Susan Berlin, a Toronto municipal health planner and one of the authors of a bench-mark study entitled *Public Health in the 1980s*. She blames it partly on the inordinate political power wielded by doctors who are not anxious to surrender their turf to nurse practitioners, nutritionists, psychologists, therapists, feminist counsellors, public health specialists—or any of the other providers concerned with the broader aspects of health.

An interdisciplinary approach to medicine called "holistic"—that is the treatment of the whole person, even the whole family, rather than a specific ailment—has in fact become a rallying cry for the reformist wave within the profession. It aims to treat the broken mind, the broken spirit, even the broken heart, as much as the broken body—in short, to deal with emotional problems before they turn into heart attacks, ulcers or cancer. Trevor Hancock, outspoken doctor with Toronto's public health planning unit, says medical schools still take too technological an approach. "We should also be taught meditation,

A debate from three corners

Opted Out Dr. Joan Charboneau doesn't fit the stereotype of the opted-out doctor—greedy, uncaring and filthy rich. For one thing, she hasn't gained financially since opting out of the medicare system two years ago. Her middle-class Mississauga practice still pays her about $32,000 a year. But she has gained psychologically, and her patients are getting better care.



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Charboneau, a 34-year-old graduate of the University of Toronto's medical school, was caught, like many of her colleagues, in a rigid pay structure. In order to meet her overhead, she would have had to rush patients through without the personal contact she considers vital in the doctor-patient relationship. She wasn't paid to do preventative medicine or lifestyle counselling, and her energy was drained away in form-filling and feuding with OHIP (the Ontario Health Insurance Plan). Besides that, she was watching her income diminish as the costs of running a business increased, until, finally, "I almost stopped feeling good about myself."

Charboneau warned her patients she was opting out, and they would have to pay more for some services, but almost all remained loyal. "You have a right to shop around for the best fridge repairman," she says. "You should have the right to pay more for the best in medicine, too."

Opted In Dr. Bob James, a 32-year-old doctor in private practice in the Hamilton area, is quite unusual. He earns only $19,800 a year. "That's enough," he shrugs with a smile. "How much *should* I be earning?" In fact, it soon becomes obvious Bob James is more interested in the *politics* of medicine than the profits.

Having entered med school (at McMaster University) with a BA in political science rather than the usual pure science background, he went on to become one of the most active members of the Medical Reform Group of Ontario—an association of 250 med students and doctors with a mildly leftist political philosophy and a belief in the



PETER INEGGI

Charboneau (left), Blaney (above), James: shopping for the right fridge repairman

holistic approach to medicine. The MRG's first public battle has been against the erosion of the medicare system caused by doctors in several provinces opting out and charging more for their services than the rates set by the provincial health insurance schemes.

James is also disturbed about high health insurance premiums (in Ontario families pay $480 a year, in Alberta $207) which are supposed to give people a financial stake in their own health care and to discourage abuse of the free service. That rationale just makes James laugh. It's more often doctors who abuse the system than patients, he says, citing examples of unnecessary office visits and frivolous hospital tests that doctors order so they can recoup the money from medicare and meet their monthly payrolls. The premiums are just a burden, he says, especially for poor families.

On Salary Dr. Greg Blaney is a mild-mannered troublemaker. Despite his slight build, his youth (he's 30) and his soft-spoken intelligence, he makes some of his



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

more conservative colleagues see red. For one thing, they hate the fact that I'm on salary," says Blaney, who earns $31,900 a year at Ottawa's Centretown health clinic. "They think it diminishes a doctor's status."

The clinic—one of a handful in Ontario—is run from an ugly middle-rise at the south end of Ottawa's downtown core. Inside, it is chocolate brown and airy. Friendlier than the average emergency ward and able to offer a broader range of services than the average private practice.

But there are limitations. The most important being the constant scrambling for funds. Says Blaney: "The government will pay you to cure someone, but they still won't pay you to prevent illness." Blaney, who grew up poor, likes the old Chinese model for medicine where the doctor has to pay the patient if the patient gets sick. But he says Western medicine is changing as patients become more assertive and start saying to their doctors: "I want you to discuss my sex problems with my husband—not to prescribe Valium."

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the spiritual and psychic aspects of healing." There are indications that this approach is taking hold, at least in some of the country's more progressive medical schools. Dr. Carl Moore, chairman of the family practice department at Hamilton's McMaster University, says students there are taught to look at a patient "as someone with a problem, rather than someone with a disease." And at the University of British Columbia, Dr. Al Boggie, a tweedy Marcus Welby-type, often tells his students "to look behind the fridge to see how many bottles there are, it really helps a doctor to see how patients live at home."

Medicine will also become increasingly humanized as medical schools



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Dr. Moore (left) with students at McMaster: Victorian manners, Jetsetter technology



HAROLD ROSENBERG

Dr. Sirros (centre): as criticism mounts the patina of omniscience wears thin

open their doors to a wider sampling of people, rather than relying exclusively on brainy science grads more familiar with geometric stress than the human variety. Already applicants to McMaster are required to submit autobiographical letters outlining their goals and values along with their marks transcript. And as more women become doctors (in Ontario alone, 40 per cent of students in family medicine are women), their arrival in the profession could help to speed up the breakdown in the traditional male-female, boss-slave, doctor-nurse relationship. In fact, a democratic "team approach"—where different professionals interact across the boundaries of sex and education—is central to holistic medicine. That urge to "demystify" the physician's role is what has the OMA's Dr. Moran worried when he speaks about doctors becoming "merely another resource." But many doctors say there will always be a need for their special skills. As McMaster's Dr. Moore puts it, "There really isn't much danger of us becoming glorified social workers."

But despite changing attitudes, there are still doctors practising who are too rushed, too old, or too out of touch to give good care. There is the high-powered woman executive in Victoria, B.C., who is told by her aging family doctor that the eczema on her hands is the result of having them in dishwater too much—hardly her natural habitat. More seriously, there is the well-chronicled over-prescription of Valium and other drugs to mask the physical symptoms of emotional distress. And many doctors are hardly equipped to counsel anyone about emotional problems or lifestyle-related diseases—especially when their own life habits would look far from healthy under a microscope. Recent studies show that alcoholism is a serious problem for doctors and drug addiction rates are notably higher than for other professions. Several provincial medical associations are now conducting studies on the alcohol problems of their own doctors and the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons has even set up a counselling service "for doctors on chemicals" which receives at least five calls a week.

But the most stubborn epidemic of all—and perhaps the root cause of other ills—is workaholism. Says Dr. Melville Vincent of the Homewood Sanatarium, a private psychiatric hospital in Guelph, Ont., many of whose patients are doctors: "So many physicians feel they mustn't take time off, they mustn't be sick, they mustn't take a holiday, and that ethic pushes them to discomfort. Then they try to treat the discomfort with drugs." Vincent tries to warn med students of the dangers of workaholism in guest lectures at medical schools, but it is sometimes an uphill battle. "Very often the students' role models—the successful private practitioner, or the best professors — are workaholics themselves."

Nonetheless, there are signs of rebellion in the ranks. In April, 800 residents and interns at hospitals in Quebec went on strike for five weeks to press demands for better working conditions and salaries. And in June, hospital interns and residents in five Ontario cities—some of whom work up to 90 hours a week at an average annual salary of $14,000—staged a two-day work-to-rule in a contract dispute with the provincial government. It is ironic that doctors who are so handsomely compensated by society later in life are expected to endure what, in the words of one, is a "trial by fire" as interns and residents. Even so, the strike tool is one most doctors are reluctant to use because of what they see as their sacred duty to serve. In the same way, doctors feel guilty about leaving work at a decent hour because they know there will always be someone else on the phone wanting help. Is it a simple question of a shortage of doctors? That may be the problem in some individual communities, but a recent study by the federal government says Canada actually produces a *surplus* of up to 400 doctors a year.

Still, there are lineups at emergency wards across the country and what patient hasn't spent more than an hour in a crowded waiting room only to be whisked past the busy doctor's stethoscope in less than a heartbeat? How can

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Average Annual Income—1977	
Physicians & Surgeons	50,500
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Engineers & Architects	33,000
Teachers & Professors	17,600
Federal employees	15,000
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this unhappy cycle be broken? Some medical reformers pin a great deal of hope on community clinics—pioneered in Saskatchewan, birthplace of medicare, in widespread use in Quebec and, as usual, being approached with wary suspicion in Ontario. In Quebec, where there are 92 such clinics flourishing, a shaky start in the early '70s—marked by disorganization and abstruse debates about whether leftist politics should be dispensed along with prescriptions—nearly scuttled the whole idea. "The polemics are gone," says Christos Sirros, director of Montreal's Park Extension clinic. "When a guy has a bedridden mother he doesn't want to hear a Marxist-Leninist explanation of how the bourgeois capitalist put her there. He wants her placed." And while the clinics are still underused, an important 1978 study by four young sociology students from Montreal, showed health care dispensed at the community clinics was "significantly better" than the traditional health care system. For one thing, doctors are on salary (in the $33,000 to $38,000 range) and average a leisurely half-hour per patient. The study also showed clinic doctors generally treat their patients with respect—making them participants in treatment rather than recipients.

But none of that is much comfort to the poor, to native people, to those living in remote communities where medical care is either spotty or simply unavailable. They will continue to be ignored as long as governments deem them numerically insignificant.

On the other hand, doctors, 33,000 of them in the country, still wield a power and influence far greater than their number—despite the public moaning from their official spokesmen and despite growing public skepticism. But there are signs that their power is eroding and will continue to erode unless they find spokesmen who can communicate their concern for health as well as for wealth. It is painfully evident—as the current medicare debate shows—that years of technical training and overwork have left most doctors ill-equipped to handle even the most basic public relations making their own case, politically and publicly. Many modern doctors could tell their rumpled Victorian predecessor a thing or two about medicine. He, on the other hand, could probably tell them a thing or two about people.

With files from Anne Belrose, Mark Budgen, June Rogers and Dale Eisler

What Doctors Are Paid

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Saskatchewan	9.00	170.00	19.00	17.00/day 17.00/night
Manitoba	9.60	182.50	17.00	16.00/day 18.00/night
Ontario	8.30	121.70	17.40	15.90/day 23.60/night
Quebec	8.00	85.00	16.00	20.00/day 25.00/night
Nova Scotia	9.52	178.50	20.23	13.89/day 19.64/night
New Brunswick	9.10	147.70	18.10	17.50/day 17.50/night
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Facts About FOSTER PARENTS PLAN

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How does Foster Parents Plan promote self-reliance? When a needy family becomes a Foster Family, they immediately begin to work toward a brighter future. Together with our social workers, they set a number of goals which will help make them self-sufficient. This is called their "Family Development Plan", and each year they will set goals and work toward them—goals mutually agreed upon as important. The aim is that within a specified period of time, the family will have reached a sufficient level of self-reliance to no longer need our support. We watch where your money goes—and we know it helps.

How are donations used? 89.3% of Foster Parents Plan's total income goes directly toward our overseas programs and provides material aid and services to your Foster Family, including counselling, guidance, medical and dental care, education and much, much more.

How does Foster Parents Plan help the community? We endeavour to get community leaders to determine what their needs are **before** we establish a plan of action with them. The community must participate in this plan, and provide the labour while PLAN supplies the materials to meet their goals. Consumer cooperative stores are set up; youth and study centres established, dams, wells and latrines are built, poultry and pig-raising projects are begun ... and these are but a few examples.

LOOK BACK IN ANGORA



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Fashion

By Barbara Amiel

Grandmothers always did it, their familiar hands seemingly attached forever to a pair of needles and bags full of sky-blue wool. Mothers did it, especially when expecting or before Christmas. And spinster aunts and other unfortunate females appeared to have nothing else to do. Knit-one, purl-two. It was the anthem of the knitting brigade back in the days when knitting and womanhood seemed inseparable.

Now knitting is back. Craft stores report dizzying yarn and pattern sales to customers ranging across all ages and income lines. They are knitting as a hobby but more often for practical reasons. Fuelling the trend is the growing fashion interest in knitted clothes that began a dozen years ago and peaked this season. Its effects range from the mushrooming growth of knitwear boutiques to a labor shortage of knitters to fill all those orders for handmade socks and sweaters. Especially sweaters. That all-American, all-Canadian sweater-girl look is in.

"Only it's not just girls," says Renée Paul, a co-owner of Cobwebs, one of the most versatile of Toronto's new knitwear centres. "We're knitting for men, women—and their pets if they ask us. We're knitting everything from leg-warmers to knitted purses and coats." And sweater-girl no longer means only the golden misty beauties apotheosized by the 1950s. A funky, multicolored "Z" sweater with matching striped leggings was in the window of Cobwebs for one hour before the first customer bought it for $150. "She was about 60 years old," says Paul, "and she looked at the leggings and said, 'how sensible.'"

Knitwear began its climb to fashion dominance a dozen years ago when Italy's nonpareil design team of Rosita and Tai Missoni first showed its multicolored knits internationally (with nonpareil prices—currently about $1,200 for a skirt and sweater set) and stores from New York's Bloomingdale's to Toronto's Creeds snapped them up. But fashion is nothing if not democratic when it comes to sales. Soon major Canadian knitwear manufacturers, like Montreal's Parkhurst Knitwear and Splend'or Industries, were entering the competition with more reasonably priced lines. *Vogue* called it "The Year of the Knit" in its August preview of the new fall season and Canada's trade paper *Style* found it necessary this spring to run a special supplement on knits for the first time.

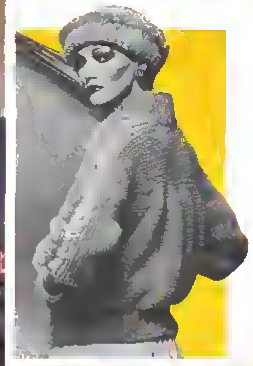
The knitwear rage seems based on two impulses in society. First, more practical consumers who no longer look tolerantly at the extravagant follies of '60s and mid-'70s clothing. Knits come closest of all to that wishful phrase, "investment clothing." An out-of-style knitted suit can always have a couple of inches crocheted on to a too-short hemline. "And I can always re-block and update a style," explains Lola Leman, designer-owner of one of Canada's most expensive knitwear shops. As well, the mobile society has found that knits travel best of all. They can be pulled out of the corner of a suitcase or unrolled from a duffel bag with minimal fuss or attention. Even more influential, say retailers, is a second impulse—the yen to possess clothes with some sense of uniqueness and individuality about them. The handmade, hand-knit look is even being referred to as "wearable art." Says Gail Robb, owner of St. John's Newfoundland Weavery Limited: "We started out as a craft shop. Now we've expanded to Toronto with customers who buy our knits both for their fashion appeal and as an individual, signed piece of craftsmanship."



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S



COURTESY OF NORMA'S





BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Paul (left), Klunder (right), and two Norma's designs: 'We're knitting for men, women—and their pets if they ask us'

Toronto's Barbara Klunder is taking this wearable-art approach to its logical conclusion. Her fantasy sweaters in the $350 to $400 range, with gardens of irises and surrealist landscapes, began their display at Saks Fifth Avenue and now will be featured at the Ontario Craft Council's December show. The next step, says Klunder, is to make limited-edition sweaters with the number knitted in as part of the design.

The spin-off of all this consumer interest in knitwear is a new need in the labor market. "Tell me where I can get more knitters," worries Lina Yankelevich of Toronto's Lina Fashions who sits behind her cash register with knitting needles in hand. "I've advertised, but you know everyone wants good knitters." Some Toronto university students work their way through college by knitting their way through assignments for handmade knitwear tycoon Norma Lepofsky of Norma's, whose 400 free-lance knitters supply her stores in Calgary and Toronto and her wholesale orders to the United States. Every knitwear designer has her favorite knitters, some swearing by English grandmothers and others by Hong Kong immigrants.

It's not only the professionals who are knitting. Craft stores report a boom in sales. Monica Ries of Ries Knotique and Weavery in Edmonton says yarn sales alone have gone up by $5,000 over the past month. In Halifax's Knit Pickers yarn shop, owners Alice and James Montgomery have watched sales double in the past year.

The technology of knitting is changing, too. What used to distinguish hand-knits from machine-knits was the variety of yarn and stitch. Knitting machines couldn't handle the bulkier fancy yarns or the delicate silk-and-linen blends. But the introduction of computerized knitting machines that can handle up to 15 colors at a time and be programmed to print out a facsimile of an experimental pattern, has revolutionized the industry. For the ordinary consumer it is virtually impossible to tell hand-knits from machine-knits and labels inside machine-knit garments using the phrases "hand designed" or "handcrafted" add to the confusion.

The reigning queens of Canada high-fashion knits, Lola Leman and Norma Lepofsky, both have their headquarters in Toronto, though Lepofsky's exports to the United States and Japan now constitute about 85 per cent of her business. For the past two years, anticipating the knitwear explosion, her designs have become more sophisticated and the suits less matronly. Now her sweaters include exquisitely made angora-and-wool confections to delight fantasies at $300 a throw.

Some fantasies come even higher. At the Toronto boutique of Lola Leman, a black velour evening coat can cost $1,600 or an organdy-and-metallic-thread evening dress $2,200. Even with her high-income clientele, Leman has confirmed a trend other retailers note. "The knitwear customer is getting younger," she says. The knitted dress as uniform of the matron has changed to knits-for-all-sorts. Housewives, secretaries, waitresses or professionals—one group may be taking the children to the zoo and another spending the evening at a disco or the opera—but chances are they'll be wearing lamb's wool. Which should make the lesson of all this knit-picking clear. Sell gold. Buy sheep ✪



COURTESY OF NORMA'S

Klunder (top), Yankelevich (right), a Norma's design: the uniform of the matron becomes knits-for-all-sorts

Relentless torment of urban souls

THE MIDDLE GROUND
by Margaret Drabble
McGraw Hill Ryerson $12.95

CONTRACT WITH THE WORLD
by Jane Rule
Academic Press Canada $16.95



KASTERINE/MILLER SERVICES



Drabble (above); Rule. Pierre loves Allen, Alma becomes bisexual, Kate is bored

In jaundiced moments one suspects most women get a BA in order to read Margaret Drabble's novels. Those without one more often read Harlequin romances. The difference between the two schools of fiction is largely one of the heroine's education and occupation—certainly not of preoccupations. In her eight novels, Drabble's heroines have been remarkably consistent in their pursuit of marriage and their concern with how to get rid of the other woman—or, perhaps because of their BAs, how to *relate* to her. Still, reading Drabble's books is like taking a break from the dreadful smells of the company cafeteria and going to one of those career women's clubs for lunch: everything is dished up better, even the macaroni and cheese is glossier somehow as noodles au gratin.

When she started out writing in her early 20s, Drabble's heroines faced early 20s problems: ambitions thwarted by small children with runny noses. Now, as the author turns 41, Drabble's newest heroine turns 42 and is facing midlife problems. She is Kate Armstrong, a successful journalist writing on women's issues for all the best London magazines. She has a nose for trends, unlike her ex-husband, Stuart, who "used to be a neorealist, before neorealism came in ... then moved on to collages of furry felt and plastic flowers and bits of looking glass." Kate, on the other hand, "started to write new wave women's pieces some time before they became fashionable, sharing her pregnancies and exhaustions and indignations with a shocked and enthralled public."

But there is only so far you can go with indignation and now, an abortion later, Kate is bored. All the details of urban life in London that once fascinated her only serve to depress. She sees the problems of hooliganism and racial strife all about her, but she doesn't know the answers. She doesn't even want to bother trying to find them anymore, which pretty much sums up the strength and weakness of a Drabble novel.

The strength is in Drabble's fine prose and her discreet selection of detail. She captures the texture of contemporary life with splendidly written accuracy. Her book is a perfect reproduction of how ordinary people today think and behave. But it is a snapshot, not a painting. A snapshot reproduces the flesh—a great painting also portrays the spirit. It is not simply that none of Drabble's characters themselves analyse the real problems of society—except around the dinner table before dessert. The greatness of a piece of literature does not depend on its coming up with intellectual breakthroughs. It is that we expect a good book to give some emotional or moral perspectives on life—if not intellectual ones. The whole reason we look down on Harlequin romances is that they simply reproduce a low common denominator of conventional feelings and attitudes. Ditto Drabble, except her people have gone to school for a few years longer.

Contemporary life is the subject matter as well of *Contract With the World*, Jane Rule's new novel and her best writing to date. These characters, unlike the rather strident figures in her earlier work, have some real blood and spirit—if somewhat unlikely lives. There is Carlotta, the intense portrait painter whose high-C sensitivity leads her to forget eating; Carlotta has an affair with the husband of Alma, the voluptuous earth mother (and would-be writer) who discovers her bisexuality in the arms of Roxanne, the androgynous sound artist who beds Carlotta who is the friend of Pierre who commits suicide after his lover Allen gets caught in a raid involving underage boys. What Rule could have done with some humor in these situations is delicious to contemplate. But humor is a quality missing from her book—and Drabble's. All these people are in relentless torment. They are Artists facing some sort of existential crisis often tied up in their sexual identity.

Which makes one long for a contemporary Cervantes. *Don Quixote*, after all, was the story of a knight who went batty after overloading on the pop literature of the day.

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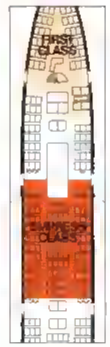
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ature of his time, which was all about knights going off to rescue maidens from dragons. Cervantes' book was a takeoff, in part, on that cliché, with a mad Don Quixote out battling windmills. A current version would surely give us a brave artist battling the Canada Council for a grant to straighten out her sexual identity. By now these clichés of contemporary life that form the basis of Rule's novel—artists, homosexuals and women battling the world—need to be presented with the extraordinary freshness of Mavis Gallant and some new insight to make readers, who for the most part don't share such experiences, feel anything about them. It's not that Rule's embattled artists and sexually ambidextrous characters don't exist, but they are so much on the fringe of contemporary experience that one can't help wondering why they have become such a focal preoccupation of current literature. A Martian reading the serious writing of the past 20 years might conclude that the major occupation of earth-beings is painting or journalism and that human sexuality consists only of a series of quirks.

One might ask how these literary conventions and preoccupations have evolved—but then one remembers the shortage of dragons and maidens in the 16th century. Perhaps fashion has very little to do with real life and a lot to do with symbols that motivate the age. In Cervantes' time it was heroes battling for virgins—in our age it is minority writers battling the rest of us on a Canada Council grant. **Barbara Amiel**

A death net well-woven

THE CHARCOAL BURNERS
by Susan Musgrave
(McClelland and Stewart, $14.95)

Deaths, the violent and bloody kind, are not unusual in thrillers—they add a few quick intakes of breath and that little wet tingle of fear down low in the abdomen. But after doing their work the corpses of conventional thrillers are easy to bury, they comfortably fit some cause or pattern of revenge, and don't hang around to haunt the reader. No such luck with poet Susan Musgrave's first novel, a thriller indeed, but one whose ghosts don't stay in the grave. This is a thriller about death itself, a fact not hard to miss considering that it opens with its heroine reading the obituary column and manages to record the deaths of 13 assorted beasts and humans in Part 1 alone. Other clues are two funerals, a wedding night featuring dead flowers, wallpaper



Muegrave: ghosts don't stay in the grave

whose roses look like baby skulls and a few eaters of human flesh.

The Charcoal Burners is also funny, amazingly enough, a combination of black humor and final darkness that perhaps only a poet with Musgrave's obsessions could pull off. It centres on the travels of Matty, a white-girl-former-anthropology-student, from trailer camp to Indian village to the forests of a misty, cedar-covered group of islands off the coast of British Columbia. She falls for her future husband, Dan Seeweed, while dancing with him. "When she looked at him she could imagine the mask, Wild Man of the Woods. There would be strings of elk teeth dangling from his neck, woodpecker scalps and feathers hanging from his waist. She could even ignore his dentures, glowing as they did under the black lights." That's where the humor lies. Matty hungers after the Indian in Dan but his dentures are more indicative of life on the islands. The old ways of oolichan grease and salal berries have largely given way to Dream Whip, GMC pickups and alcohol. Their work rendered obsolete, the Indians are drunken, clown-like tatters of their former selves, tatters Musgrave renders wonderfully in minor characters like Spaghetti Chops, a former athlete gone to fat who spends his time, *all* his time, walking back and forth to eat in town, and whose name honors a famous recipe of his concoction ("Half a dozen packages Kraft Dinner to one bottle barbecue sauce. Simmer until soft then mash. Form into chops and coat in batter. Deep-fry in grease until brown and hard").

The whites on the island, mostly drunken loggers, are equally off-kilter. When Matty runs from her husband, after the chaos of a crazy mixed-up Indian funeral and feast of hungry souls, she heads deep into the woods where she stumbles into a commune of crop-haired white women of professional background more ludicrously out of



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touch than the Indians. Named after herbs and flowers (Tansy, Valerian, Yarrow), they live in 12 huts arranged in a mandala, each representing a zodiac sign. Eschewing males, they worship a male god with fertility rites and dietary restrictions all mixed up in a West Coast yin-yang jumble. They want to be primitive, the Indians want not to be, yet neither can obliterate what they were long enough to achieve their desires. Musgrave is brilliant at making comedy out of these mismatched souls.

Meanwhile, the thriller runs on, obsessively, as the reader waits to see what will happen to Matty, who is more the purveyor of a death wish than a heroine. Matty connects sex to death, birth to death and pain to herself, accepting what is done to her by her husband, men in general and the commune-dwellers in an already half-dead fashion, which seems in this black comedy the only appropriate response or lack thereof. Admittedly, to laugh at this book one has to possess a well-developed taste for the horrible—and Musgrave's own fascination with the grotesque almost undermines the book. Until the last part, in the charcoal burners' camp, she plays off against each other the dying society of the Indians and the artificially resuscitated one of the commune to luminous effect. What happens among the charcoal burners and who they turn out to be comes close to making everything a final unprofitable joke. But the death net is well-woven and ultimately stands the strain. Read this and weep—or laugh.

Anne Collins

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1. Joshua Then and Now, *Richler* (1)
2. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon* (2)
3. The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum* (3)
4. Solo, *Higgins* (4)
5. Princess Daisy, *Krantz* (5)
6. Random Winds, *Plain* (6)
7. Firestarter, *King* (9)
8. The Fifth Horseman, *Collins & Lapierre* (7)
9. Fanny, *Jong* (8)
10. Girl on a Swing, *Adams* (10)

NONFICTION

1. The Third Wave, *Toffler* (1)
2. How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation (revised edition), *Shulman* (2)
3. Catch Me If You Can, *Abagnale* (5)
4. Shelley, *Winters* (3)
5. Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese* (4)
6. James Herriot's Yorkshire, *Herriot* (6)
7. The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813, *Berton*
8. Free to Choose, *Friedman* (7)
9. The Real War, *Nixon* (9)
10. Managing in Turbulent Times, *Drucker* (8)

() Position last week



AGO



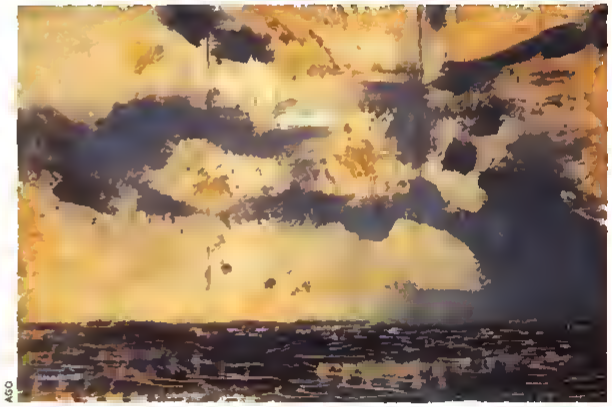
Art

A '70s selection for export only

By Philip Monk

In art, Canada's balance of trade is in deficit. In the shadow of the United States' propaganda machine and Europe's awesome heritage, Canadian art is a faceless stranger. To redress this imbalance, to define what is Canadian in Canadian art, the Art Gallery of Ontario (AGO) has assembled *10 Canadian Artists in the 1970s*, an exhibition of contemporary art headed for a nine-month European tour. With only a brief stop in Toronto before visiting Denmark, West Germany and Luxembourg, the art obviously is not for domestic consumption: "for export only," its packaging reads. It is another flank in Canada's overseas campaign, following a successful video-art presentation at the Venice Biennale this summer and a large contingent of young artists sent to the Paris Biennale this month. But just what Europeans will learn from this misleading exhibition is hard to say. Unfortunately, the AGO's sad mixture of the accomplished and the redundant will not help this new wave, its conservative log hardly represents what is new on the home front.

Claimed to be the art of the '70s and an up-to-date report on some of Canada's major artists, the show could more correctly be titled *10 Canadian Artists Favored by Roald Nasgaard*. Now chief curator of the AGO, Nasgaard has a taste for painting and sculpture that creates a dialogue between art and viewer in the "space and time of interacting." That space and time for most gallery-goers may be, however, a walk away from the art. In the past, AGO viewers have wondered why the frames had no canvases or have strained at surfaces with no images. Once again, in this inventory, the work is so minimal it is often overlooked.



AGO

'Van Gogh's Room' by Favro (top left), Baxter's 'An Apple Tree' (top right); Ewen's 'Cloud Over Water' sad mixture

But the emperor does have clothes. With painting and sculpture that seems to verge on the invisible, never has the expression "use your eyes" meant so much, in fact, it is *the* meaning. The paintings of Guido Molinari, the sole Quebecker, come into vision like a camera comes to focus. Initially, these sombre pieces melt black holes in the wall where they hang. But in time, and with patience, their unyielding surfaces divide into two or three vertical bands of nuanced tones, and a space emerges in front of the viewer. Molinari displaces traditional attention from an image and space in the painting to the movement of the viewer in front of it and the light on its surface. So does Ron Martin, whose paintings with their thick, lava-like black acrylic surfaces emit a gloaming light in a life of their own. The viewers must give this art, and themselves, a chance.

Similarly, the sculptors in the exhibition throw the ball to the viewers, asking them to move around the heavy, geometric masses by David Rabinowitch or the aerodynamic shapes by his brother, Royden Rabinowitch. Both sculptors organize the elements of their elegant low-lying steel forms in a way that the viewers must move back and forth, checking clues and following sight lines, to reconstruct the sculpture—complex spatial puzzles.

Less austere than these ambitious pieces, beautiful in their own way, are the innovative landscapes of Paterson

Ewen. Ewen makes his unorthodox "canvases" of huge sheets of plywood, which he scores and gouges with a router, adorns with pieces of metal and roughly paints. They have all the grandeur of elemental forces—the grooves transformed into impressionist crests of waves or windblown trails of sunlit clouds. It is as if Tom Thomson's *West Wind* was rerouted through the cosmic scale of Turner.

Murray Favro gives traditional painting new scale in the form of his walk-in mock-up of Van Gogh's Arles bedroom. Fun-house curiosity is not the concern of this inventor-artist-tinkerer, he exactly constructs the exaggerated into the sloping bed and tilting chairs. So precise is his construction that he projects a reproduction of the painting onto the tableau, further confounding the gap between the two and three dimensions of painting and sculpture, and playfully reversing the tendency to turn an object into flat image.

Curiously, Martin, Royden and David Rabinowitch, Ewen and Favro all worked in London, Ont., in the early '70s, and also are all represented by the Carmen Lamanna Gallery in Toronto. Lamanna is such a pivotal figure in the development of new Canadian art that his gallery has become as important as any public institution. In fact, curators must avoid the temptation of composing an exhibition solely of Lamanna artists. Lamanna himself confesses that the show is "confused and misleading"—and he is right. Iain Baxter's silly ideas and sloppy technique are simply embarrassing. Compared to Favro's mixing of media, the Vancouver artist's collaging Polaroids and painting might pass in an art school, but not on the international circuit. Gary Kennedy's echoing humor from Halifax is also wearing thin. Exhibiting the crates in which the art will be packaged is too much an inside joke with a malicious edge. The major-name artists in the exhibition are represented by tired pieces. Michael Snow, who had a large show in Europe last year, is rebounding with his most recent and poorest work in his return to painting, the master's hand shakes. And Jack Bush, the one artist the Europeans demanded, is the odd man out with his muddy color-field paintings, and is not well served by the selection of his weaker later work.

Perhaps it is lucky that a number of European museums refused the exhibition. Half the choices resonate quality, but to halt conservatively at a point somewhere in the '70s and to choose work past its prime timidly eclipses all the new achievements and vitality of the Canadian scene. It is too bad an exhibition that satisfies few at home will represent Canadian art overseas.

Angst in the pants



MIDDLE AGE CRAZY
Directed by John Trent

Dern in the cocktail hour of his life

We meet Bobby Lee (Bruce Dern) just as he's hurtling over the big hump of 40. His wife, Sue Ann (Ann-Margret), is tickled pink he's able to provide her with five "bingos" every night, she's so consumed with sex that she fails to notice his mid-life crisis. At Bobby Lee's birthday party his whole family—his wife, his son, his parents—talk to him via his present, a Betamax, each eagerly pushing the sore point of his age. Feeling trapped, Bobby Lee begins to daydream (of owning a Porsche, of having an affair with a Dallas Cowboy cheerleader, of saying goodbye to building taco stands for a living). When his father dies, Bobby Lee goes middle-age crazy and lives out his fantasies, but returns to the straight and narrow—having strayed. The moral: stand by your man (woman, child, mother, dog, taco stand).

The first thing to note about this Canadian-made movie is that it is a comedy. Inspired by the Jerry Lee Lewis song, *Middle Age Crazy* is an idea given the nod, but never really fleshed out. It has conviction, but not enough to suggest that Bobby Lee's malaise is anything more serious than the spectacle of a man with angst in his pants. In attempting to show the crassness surrounding him, the movie resorts to crass means. there's so much foul language and sexual innuendo it becomes tiresome, enough to make you feel prudish. The satire of both Texas and California lifestyles uses buckshot where a BB gun would have sufficed. the tone of the movie seems to be, "May I have a gold star for noticing these things?" Dern and Ann-Margret are fine, personable actors, they make their scenes together work and are even moving at times. Unhappily, they're trapped in something that wants to gorge itself on cake and say how awful it tastes at the same time.

Lawrence O'Toole

Sweating out the small stuff

THE KIDNAPPING OF THE PRESIDENT
Directed by George Mendeluk

If people are forsaking movies for TV, it's because they can find as good (or better) entertainment as *The Kidnapping of the President* (or any number of current movies) on the small screen. This Canadian-made adaptation of Charles Templeton's novel is mildly engrossing, competently done. U.S. President Hal Holbrook is nabbed in Toronto by Third World terrorist Miguel Fernandes wearing a bomb, and then stored in a booby-trapped security van. The terrorists make their demand for $100 million, stolid secret service man William Shatner tries to get him out, Vice-President Van Johnson and wife Ava Gardner argue about what to do, the rest of the immediate world sweats. However, there is no need for anybody to bring an extra bottle of Ban roll-on.

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Column

One way is to give them too much of what they want



By Allan Fotheringham

One never grows too old to be surprised. Bill Davis, the pink proprietor of all Ontario, hemmed in by his impatient colleagues from the hinterland, told the constitutional conference in his painful prose how he came from, and represented, a very stable, conservative society. That society, he told us, "is very slow to change its mind." (One got the impression Bill likes that attribute, seeing as how his Tories have been wallowing in power for 37 uninterrupted years, a reign that rivals some of the smaller duchies in banana republic land.) All this was known. What was so shocking was the proof. Within days, the press of all Ontario did absolute nip-ups over one of the more arcane rituals of our time—the installation of a new lieutenant-governor.

Now, an innocent from the steppes perhaps should not express his astonishment. One had presumed, in one's naïveté, that this tired obeisance to colonial frippery had gone the way of the three-toed wombat—as it has in the lesser provinces—treated with the same seriousness as the debutante's ball and the junior league's tag day. One cannot, in more progressive segments of our great Dominion, gather more than three small boys and a horse to such vicaregal functions. In Ontario, leader of all that is frightened and therefore clings to the cliff of nostalgia, the installation of yet another representative of the Queen of a foreign land drew the largest assemblage of mink and serge since the last time they pressed some starlet's bosom in the cement outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

What boggled is how the Toronto press—slyly knowing its readers—treated this momentous event with front-page color spreads, meticulous detail as to the participants and analytical expertise from columnists. The last time any columnist from the Canadian outback treated seriously these proconsul high jinks was when the newly anointed tripped and fell into the chip dip. The nonsense of the leftover pomp and circumstance—appealing to approximately 13.3 per cent of the populace—is usually consigned to the area reserved for the lacrosse scores and the recipes for turnip soup.

Ontario takes its viceregal antiques seriously. What is as astonishing as the fuss is the appointment itself. The lucky recipient is John Black Aird, a substantial Toronto businessman, a former Liberal senator, a former Liberal bagman. Beautiful! Here we have the essence of the philosophy of a colonial remnant: the chap appointed to represent Her Majesty across the seas is the man who is experienced in seeking, among his corporate peers, the slush funds required to keep the party in power in power. Could anything be more simple? Grease the skids. Them that has gits.

There are deeper meanings here, one suggests. We are fetlock-deep, as we know, in the morass Pierre Trudeau has taken us in the incomprehensible constitutional glue. Few of us can fathom the details, let alone the direction. One suspects that Mr. Trudeau—Mr. Cunning—knows where he is going. He wants out of that job, which has been described as long periods of boredom interrupted by flashes of invigorating confrontation, so as to spend his sunset years with his kids. The irritating umbilical cord to Mother England—the most galling relic to a man from Quebec (as well as some others among us)—must be severed. There are ways to do this. A Jesuit scholar such as Mr. Trudeau may well have devised the devious overkill.

It has been suggested shyly in this space before that the prime minister—a not-so-closet republican—has been developing a strategy whereas to kill off the fading Canadian interest in another country's monarchy. He has the progeny of Britain's rulers, those clean-jawed subjects of the gossip columns, over here so often that the maiden aunts yawn and turn to the speculation about Farrah Fawcett's ex and Karen Kain. Nothing succeeds like excess. It's worked, of course. The latest Gallup poll shows that the bored natives, for the first time, have grown up and find their thumb-sucking role vis-à-vis England a trifle yawnsome.



ROY PETERSON

Enter ex-senator, ex-bagman Aird. All appointments of these cocktail-party darlings, naturally, are made by Ottawa. (If Torydom's Mr. Davis were in charge at 24 Sussex Drive, he'd appoint a Tory bagman.) This observer suggests that Mr. Aird fits perfectly into Mr. Trudeau's long-range scheme. Debase the coinage. The PM, though he specializes in scatological wit and has no sense of humor about himself, does have a historical sense of humor about the anglophone society he inherited.

The very essence of his historical mission in politics—the reason he entered in the first place, the reason he has delayed his departure—is to convince the people of his blood and his tongue that they are equal with their anglophone brethren. The only way this can be done is to demolish this childish link with the breast of London. The way we do this is to ridicule, in subtle fashion, the colonial tapestry. How better to illustrate the ludicrous nature of it all than to crown—as fitting tribute to the system—a man who capped his estimable career by going about his peers and taking into trust funds the boodle that sustains the party and his own reputation? Could you top it? Brilliant.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southam News.





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